

Marvel
Comics



THE COSMIC AVENGER

QUASAR

ABSOLUTELY
THE LAST
SECRET WARS

SOMETHING IS DEVOURING
PROJECT: **PEGASUS**

AND THE **COSMIC
AVENGER** WON'T
STAND FOR IT!

\$1.00 US
\$1.25 CAN

8
MAR
UK 60p

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



Plus: DON'T BLINK
OR YOU'LL MISS
**WARLOCK AND
THE NEW MUTANTS!**



Stan Lee presents

QUASAR

STILL LIFE WITH METAL

UP ON THE ROOF OF
THE NEW YORK CITY
HEADQUARTERS OF THE
NEW MUTANTS,
CANNONBALL, SUNSPOT,
AND WARLOCK GET AN
UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



YO, SUNSPOT--
THAT FELLER
WITH THE CAPE
IS MESSIN' WITH
OUR BUDDY
WARLOCK!

WHO THE
HECK IS HE
SUPPOSED
TO BE?

MARK
GRUENWALD
WRITER

MIKE
MANLEY
PENCILER

DANNY
BULANADI
INKER

JANICE
CHIANG
LETTERER

PAUL
BECTON
COLORIST

HOWARD
MACKIE
EDITOR

TOM
DE FALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

QUASAR™ Vol. 1, No. 8, March 1990 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS, James E. Galt, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. Copyright © 1990 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.00 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$12.00; Canada \$17.00; and foreign \$24.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. QUASAR (including all prominent characters featured in the issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO QUASAR, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 8TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.



AT EASE, YOU GUYS. NAME'S QUASAR.
I'M ONE OF THE AVENGERS.

SO?
THAT DOESN'T
GIVE Y'ALL THE
RIGHT TA
HASSLE
US.

I'M NOT HERE TO HASSLE,
I'M JUST HERE TO ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR
ALIEN FRIEND.



YOU SEE,
I'M EARTH'S
DULY APPOINTED
COSMIC
IMMIGRATION
OFFICER, AND
IT'S MY JOB TO
CHECK OUT ALL
RESIDENT
ALIEN
LIFE
FORMS.

CAIN'T
SEE THE HARM
IN ANSWERIN'
A FEW
QUESTIONS.

THINK
THIS IS
LEGIT?



WHERE'S THIS WARLOCK
FROM? WHAT RACE IS HE?

WARNING,
SELFRIENDS,
WARNING!

WELL, LET'S
SEE. HE'S A
TECHNARCH. AH
THINK. NOT SURE
WHERE THEY'RE
ALL LOCATED.

COOL IT, LOCK!



HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN ON EARTH?

HMMM, LESSEE IT'S
BEEN OVER A YEAR.
WASN'T IT A
JANUARY WHEN HE
ARRIVED, BOBBY?

GREETINGS,
EARTHLINGS!

I DON'T
RECALL.



ARE YOU WILLING TO VOUCH THAT HE'S
NOT A THREAT TO WORLD SECURITY
IN ANY WAY?

SWORE!

THAT'S
THE MOST
RIDICULOUS
THING I'VE
EVER
HEARD!

CHILL OUT, 'LOCK!



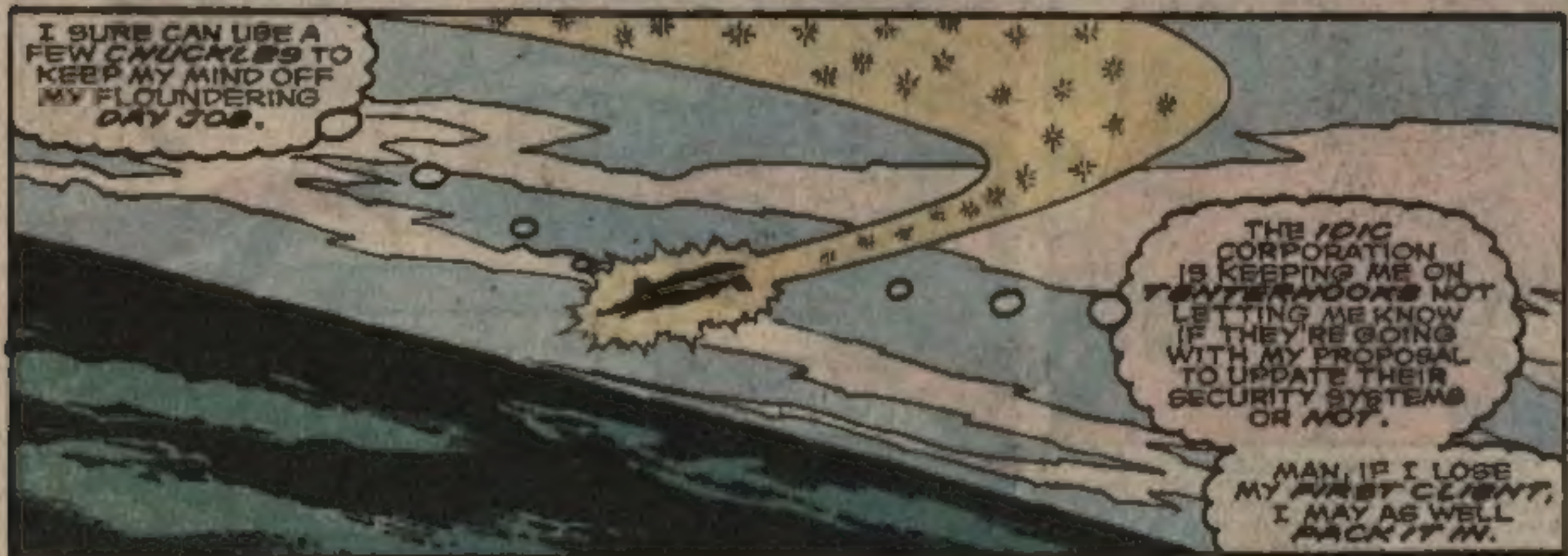
WELL, THAT'S ALL THE QUESTIONS I HAVE, THANKS FOR YOUR TIME.

KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE NOW!

WE'D BETTER GO TELL CABLE 'BOUT THIS.

MAN, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE THE WAY THE WARLOCK CHARACTER KEPT SHAP-CHANGING LIKE THAT.

frazzle
frizzle
wazzle
whoopie!



I SURE CAN USE A FEW CHUCKLES TO KEEP MY MIND OFF MY FLOUNDERING DAY JOB.

THE IDIC CORPORATION IS KEEPING ME ON TENTERHOODS NOT LETTING ME KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING WITH MY PROPOSAL TO UPDATE THEIR SECURITY SYSTEMS OR NOT.

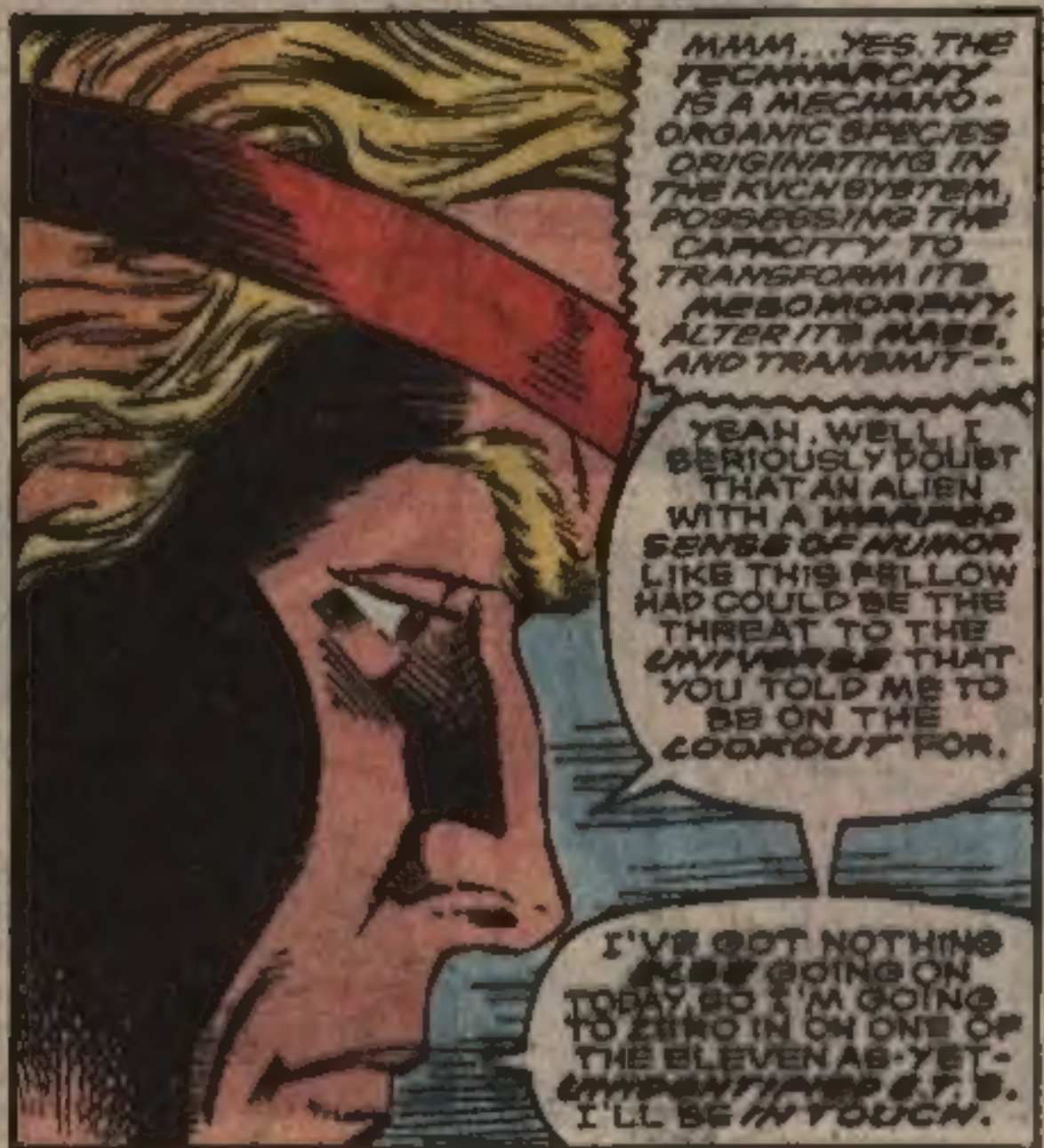
MAN, IF I LOSE MY FIRST CLIENT, I MAY AS WELL PACK IT IN.



GUESS I'LL LET MY COBAINO MENTOR KNOW ABOUT MY LATEST CLOSE ENCOUNTER.

SON? I JUST IDENTIFIED THIS B.T. NAMED WARLOCK. HE'S SUPPOSEDLY A MECAMARCH.

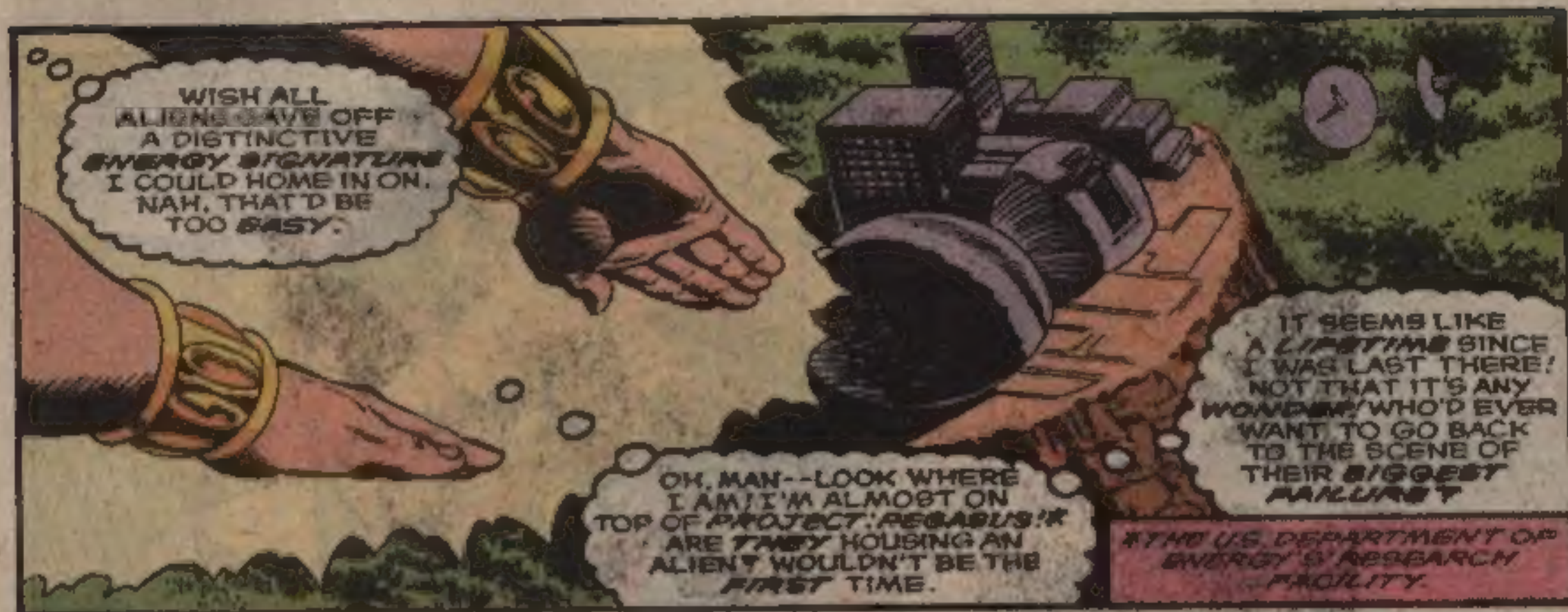
THAT NAME RING ANY BELLS?



MAM... YES, THE MECAMARCHY IS A MECHANO-ORGANIC SPECIES ORIGINATING IN THE KVCN SYSTEM, POSSESSING THE CAPACITY TO TRANSFORM ITS MESOMORPHY, ALTER ITS MASS, AND TRANSMIT--

YEAH, WELL, I SERIOUSLY DOUBT THAT AN ALIEN WITH A HARMED SENSE OF HUMOR LIKE THIS FELLOW HAD COULD BE THE THREAT TO THE UNIVERSE THAT YOU TOLD ME TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR.

I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE GOING ON TODAY, SO I'M GOING TO ZING IN ON ONE OF THE ELEVEN A.S.-YET-UNIDENTIFIED S.T.S. I'LL BE IN TOUCH.



WISH ALL ALIENS WERE OFF A DISTINCTIVE ENERGY SIGNATURE I COULD HOME IN ON. NAH, THAT'D BE TOO EASY.

IT SEEMS LIKE A LIFETIME SINCE I WAS LAST THERE! NOT THAT IT'S ANY WONDER WHO'D EVER WANT TO GO BACK TO THE SCENE OF THEIR BIGGEST FAILURE!

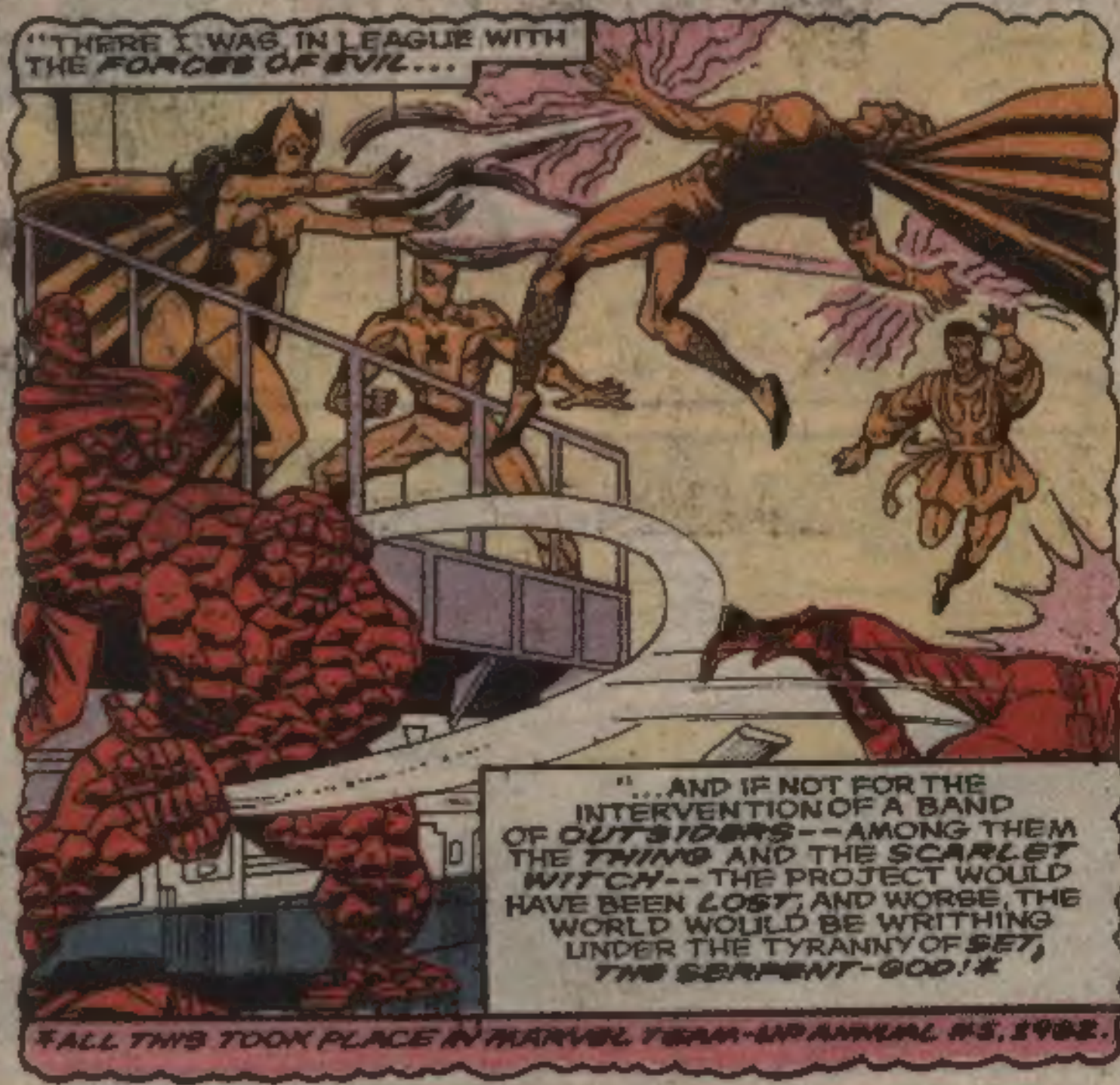
OH, MAN--LOOK WHERE I AM! I'M ALMOST ON TOP OF PROJECT: REBABUS! ARE THEY HOUSING AN ALIEN WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME.

THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY'S RESEARCH FACILITY.



"AS THE PROJECT'S SECURITY CAMERAS, IT WAS MY JOB, NATURALLY ENOUGH, TO KEEP THE PLACE SECURE."

"YET, DESPITE MY QUANTUM-BANDS AND GOOD INTENTIONS, I WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO FALL VICTIM TO THE INSIDIOUS MIND-CONTROL OF THE SERPENT CROWN..."



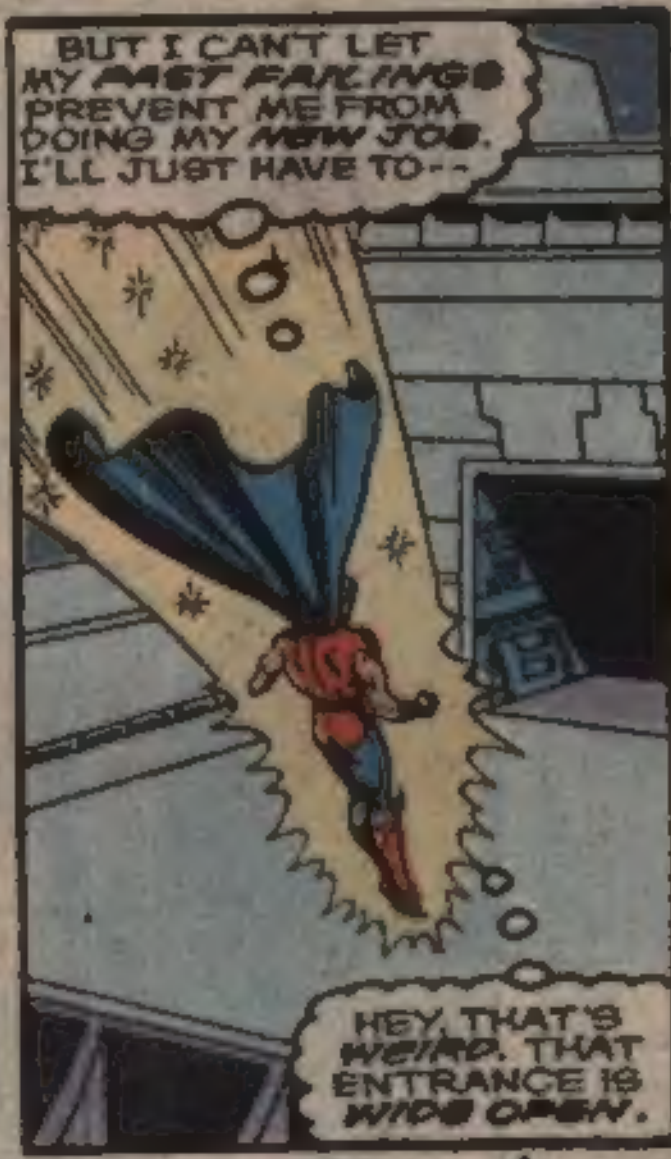
"THERE I WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THE FORCES OF EVIL..."

"...AND IF NOT FOR THE INTERVENTION OF A BAND OF OUTSIDERS--AMONG THEM THE THING AND THE SCARLET WITCH--THE PROJECT WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST, AND WORSE, THE WORLD WOULD BE WRITHING UNDER THE TYRANNY OF SET, THE SERPENT-GOD!"

ALL THIS TOOK PLACE IN MARVEL TEAM-UP ANNUAL #5, 1992.

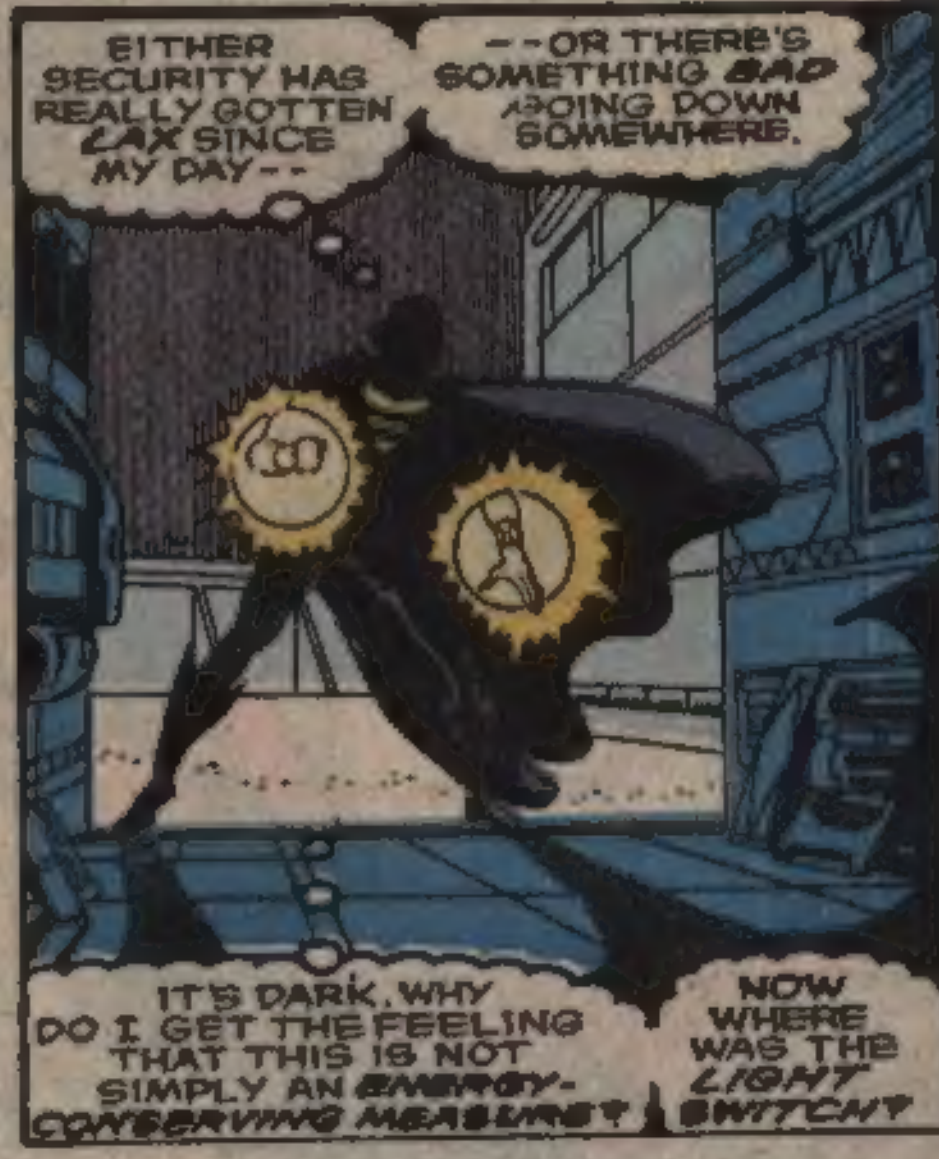


"KNOWING HOW BADLY I LET EVERYBODY DOWN, I RESIGNED. I HAVEN'T HAD THE NERVE TO GO BACK SINCE..."



BUT I CAN'T LET MY PAST FAILINGS PREVENT ME FROM DOING MY NEW JOB. I'LL JUST HAVE TO--

HEY, THAT'S WEIRD. THAT ENTRANCE IS WIDE OPEN.

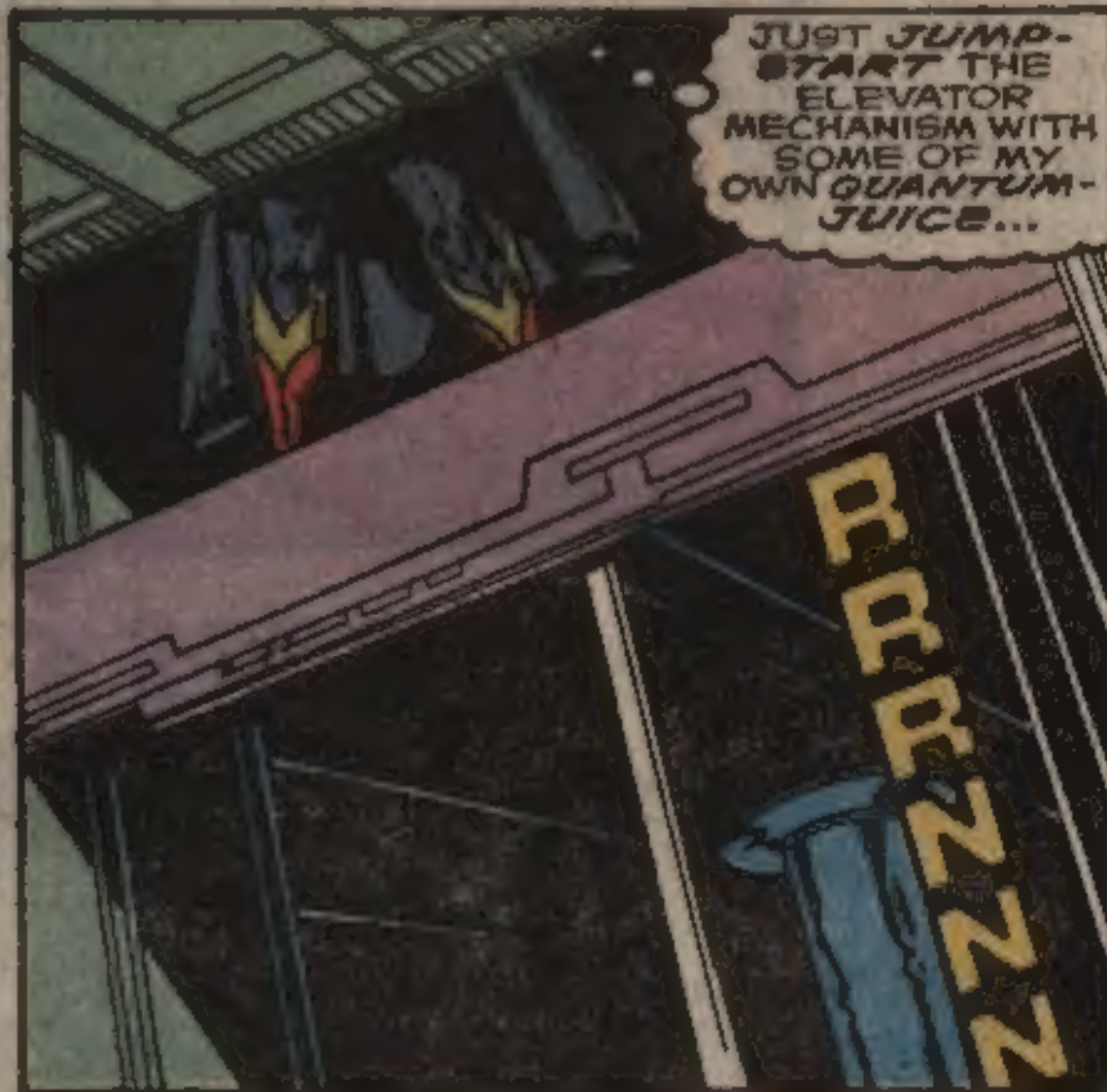


EITHER SECURITY HAS REALLY GOTTEN LAX SINCE MY DAY--

--OR THERE'S SOMETHING BAD GOING DOWN SOMEWHERE.

IT'S DARK. WHY DO I GET THE FEELING THAT THIS IS NOT SIMPLY AN ENERGY-CONSERVING MEASURE?

NOW WHERE WAS THE LIGHT SWITCH?





NOTHING.

WELL, THEN,
LET'S HOP
THE NEAREST
ZOOM TUBE...



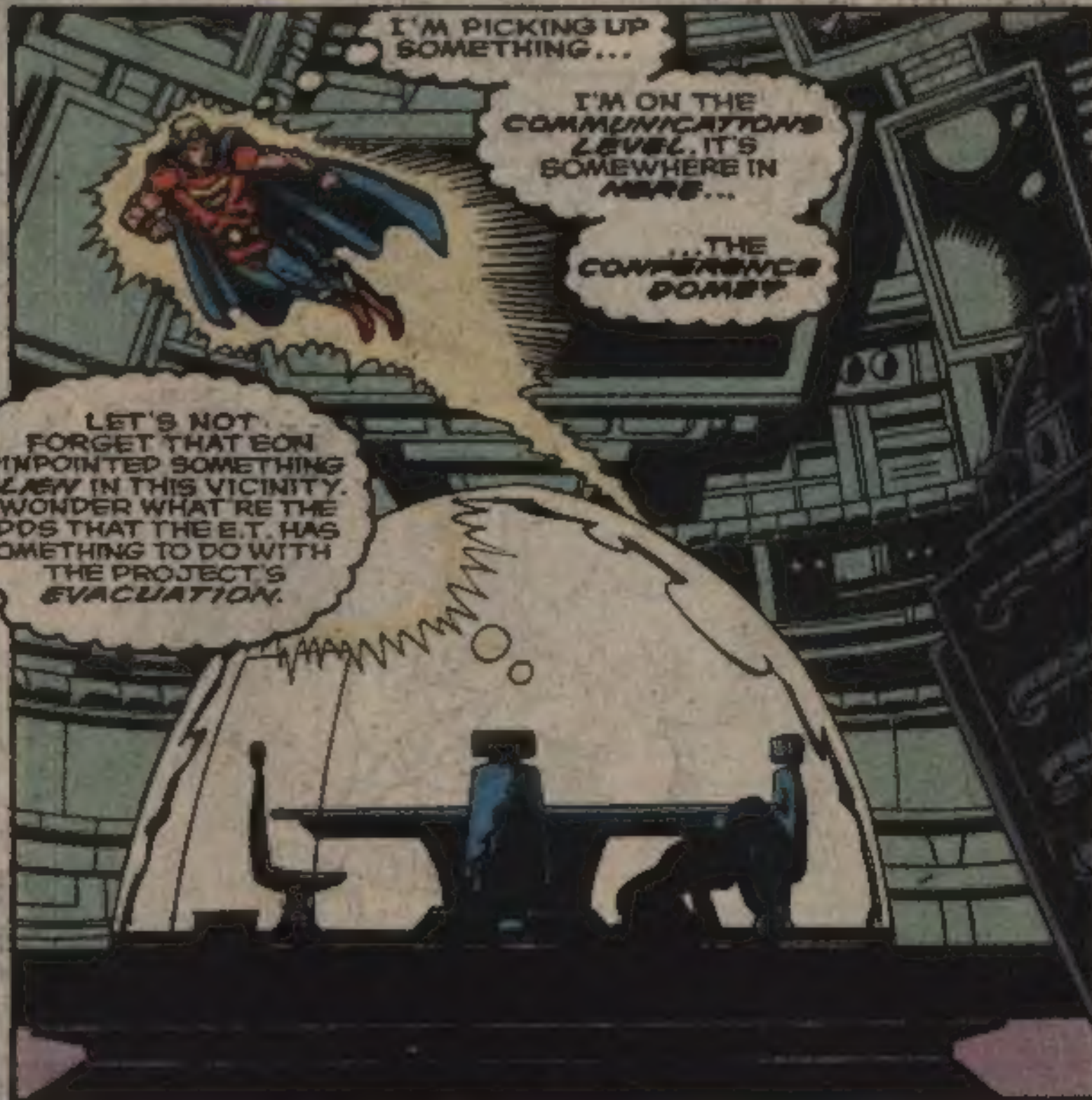
...AND DESCEND FLOOR BY FLOOR, SCANNING
FOR ANY SIGN OF LIFE.

ONE GOOD THING
ABOUT THE POWER
BEING OFF LIKE THIS,
I CAN SET MY QUANTUM-
BANDS TO PICK UP
LOW-LEVEL INFRARED
HEAT EMISSIONS...

...LIKE THOSE GIVEN OFF BY
LIVING ORGANISMS. IF THE POWER
WAS UP, THERE'D BE WAY TOO
MUCH BACKGROUND RADIATION
TO DETECT ANYONE.



IF THERE'S ANYBODY
STILL WANDERING AROUND
IN HERE, I WANT TO KNOW
ABOUT IT.



I'M PICKING UP
SOMETHING...

I'M ON THE
COMMUNICATIONS
LEVEL. IT'S
SOMEWHERE IN
HERE...

...THE
CONFERENCE
ROOM?

LET'S NOT
FORGET THAT EON
PINPOINTED SOMETHING
ALREADY IN THIS VICINITY.
WONDER WHAT'RE THE
ODDS THAT THE E.T. HAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
THE PROJECT'S
EVACUATION.



YES!

OHMY!

EASY,
MISS...
I WON'T
HURT
YOU.

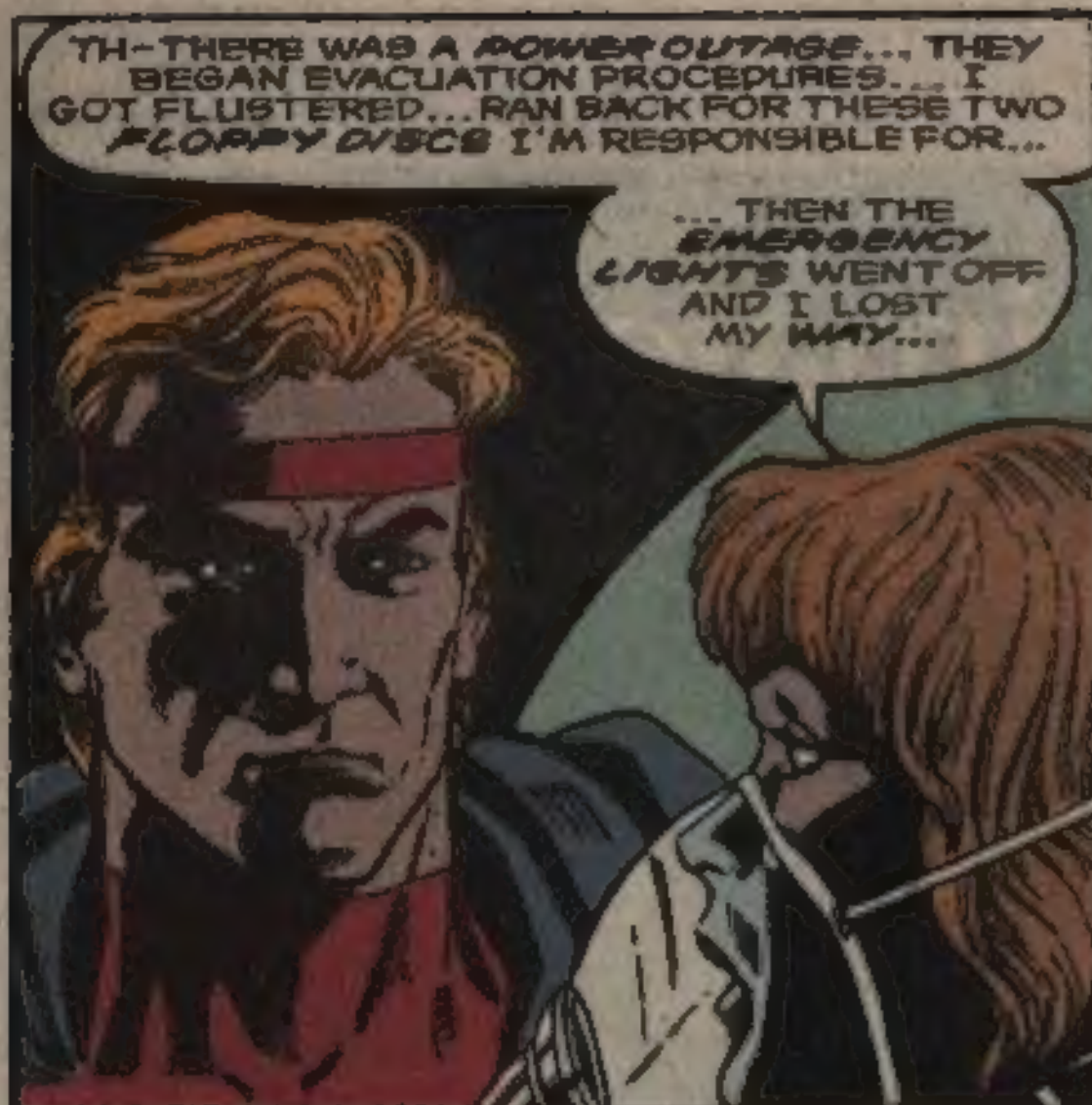


NAME'S GLASAR. I
USED TO
WORK
HERE.

AND YOU
ARE...?

H-HELEN
CARVER!

WELL, MISS
CARVER, I
HOPE YOU
CAN TELL
ME WHAT'S
GOING ON.



TH- THERE WAS A **POWER OUTAGE**... THEY BEGAN EVACUATION PROCEDURES... I GOT FLUSTERED... RAN BACK FOR THESE TWO **FLOPPY DISCS** I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR...

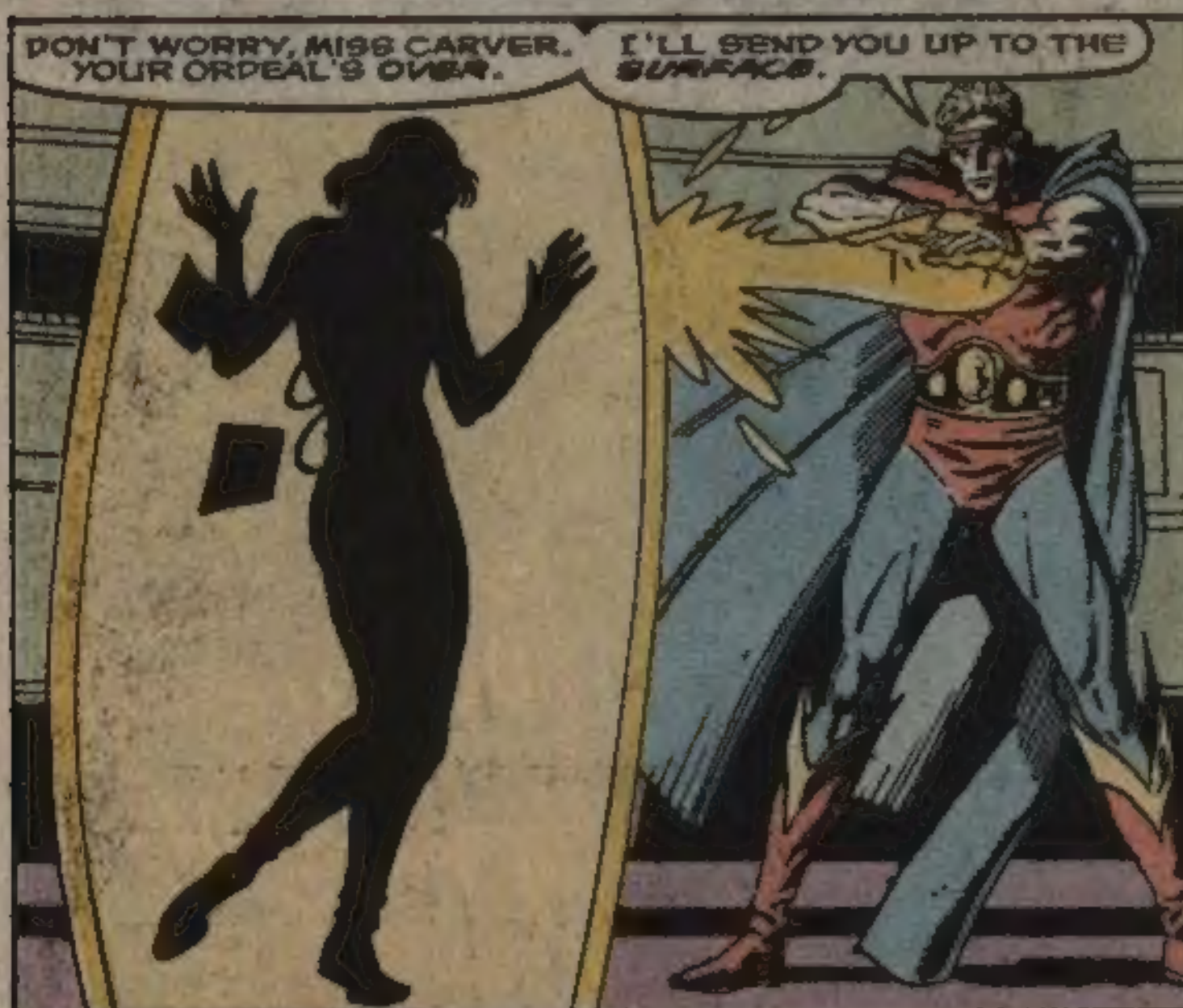
... THEN THE **EMERGENCY LIGHTS** WENT OFF AND I LOST MY WAY...



... IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO FIND ONE OF THESE **OXYGEN MASKS** AND GROPE MY WAY IN HERE...

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT **CAUSED** THE BLACK-OUT?

NO...



DON'T WORRY, MISS CARVER. YOUR ORDEAL'S OVER.

I'LL SEND YOU UP TO THE SURFACE.



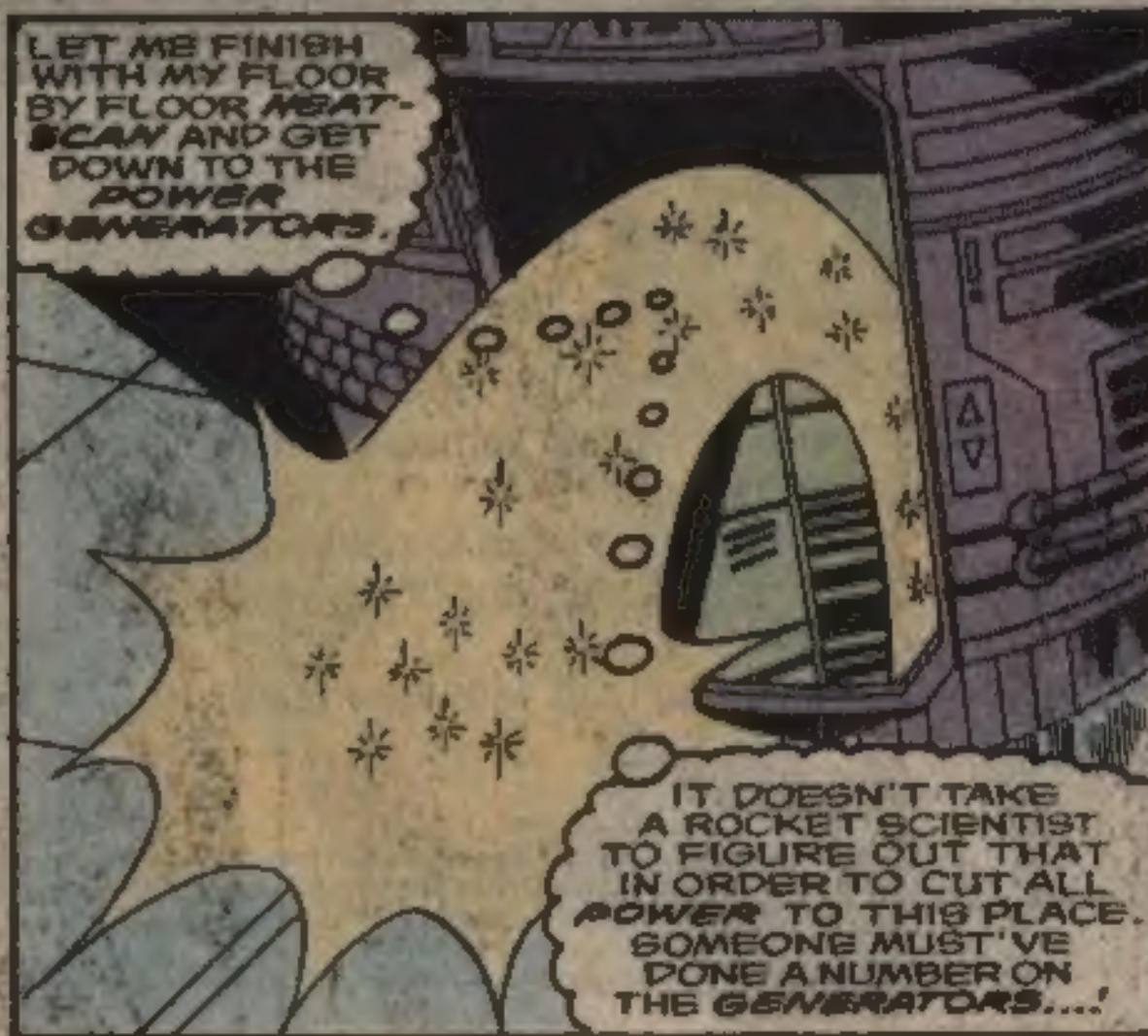
I'D GO WITH YOU, BUT I WANT TO CHECK FOR MORE **STRAGGLERS**. GOING UP!

AYE!



SO THEY JUST **EVACUATED** THE PLACE! WONDER WHY I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE MILLING ABOUT **OUTSIDE** WHEN I FLEW IN.

I MUST'VE BEEN TOO LOST IN THOUGHT TO **NOTICE** 'EM... OR MAYBE THEY HADN'T **EMERGED** FROM THE EVAC TUNNEL YET.

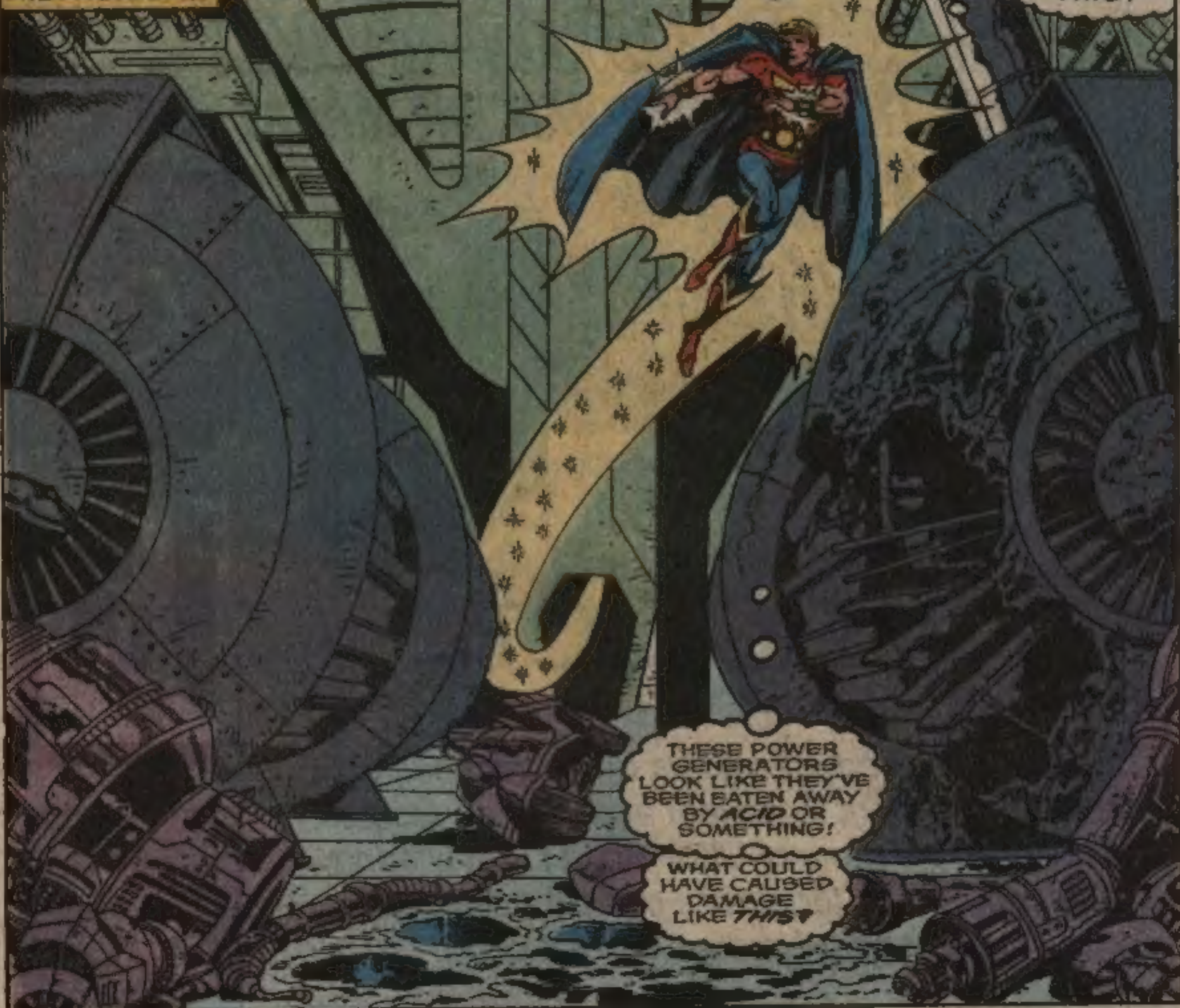


LET ME FINISH WITH MY FLOOR BY FLOOR **HEAT-SCAN** AND GET DOWN TO THE **POWER GENERATORS**.

IT DOESN'T TAKE A ROCKET SCIENTIST TO FIGURE OUT THAT IN ORDER TO CUT ALL **POWER** TO THIS PLACE, SOMEONE MUST'VE DONE A NUMBER ON THE **GENERATORS**....!

MINUTES LATER, ON THE BOTTOM-MOST LEVEL OF THE PROJECT...

WHOA-YO!
LOOK AT
THIS!



THESE POWER
GENERATORS
LOOK LIKE THEY'VE
BEEN EATEN AWAY
BY ACID OR
SOMETHING!

WHAT COULD
HAVE CAUSED
DAMAGE
LIKE THIS?

HMM, A BIG MOLE
MELTED THROUGH
THE CEILING TO
THE FLOOR ABOVE...



...AN
ESCAPE
ROUTE?

BETTER
CHECK.

THIS IS THE
MAINTENANCE
LEVEL.

HEY, WHAT
IS THAT
THING OVER
IN THAT
CORNER?





IT-- LOOKS LIKE SOME
KIND OF COCOON--
ONLY SPUN OUT OF
METAL!

THIS IS PRETTY
FREAKY. I'VE
GOT THIS SICK
FEELING THAT
THERE'S
SOMETHING
ALIVE IN
IT!

CAN'T
DETECT ANY
INFRARED
EMISSIONS,
THOUGH.



WAIT... THERE'S SOMETHING
VERY FAINT COMING FROM
INSIDE IT!

LET ME SEE IF I
CAN AMPLIFY IT
A BIT... YES!

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ALIVE INSIDE
THIS POD!



NOT SURE IF THAT'S GOOD
OR BAD... BUT I'M GONNA
FIND OUT!

CAREFULLY NOW, I'VE GOT TO PEEL BACK
THESE LAYERS OF METALLIC GOO--!



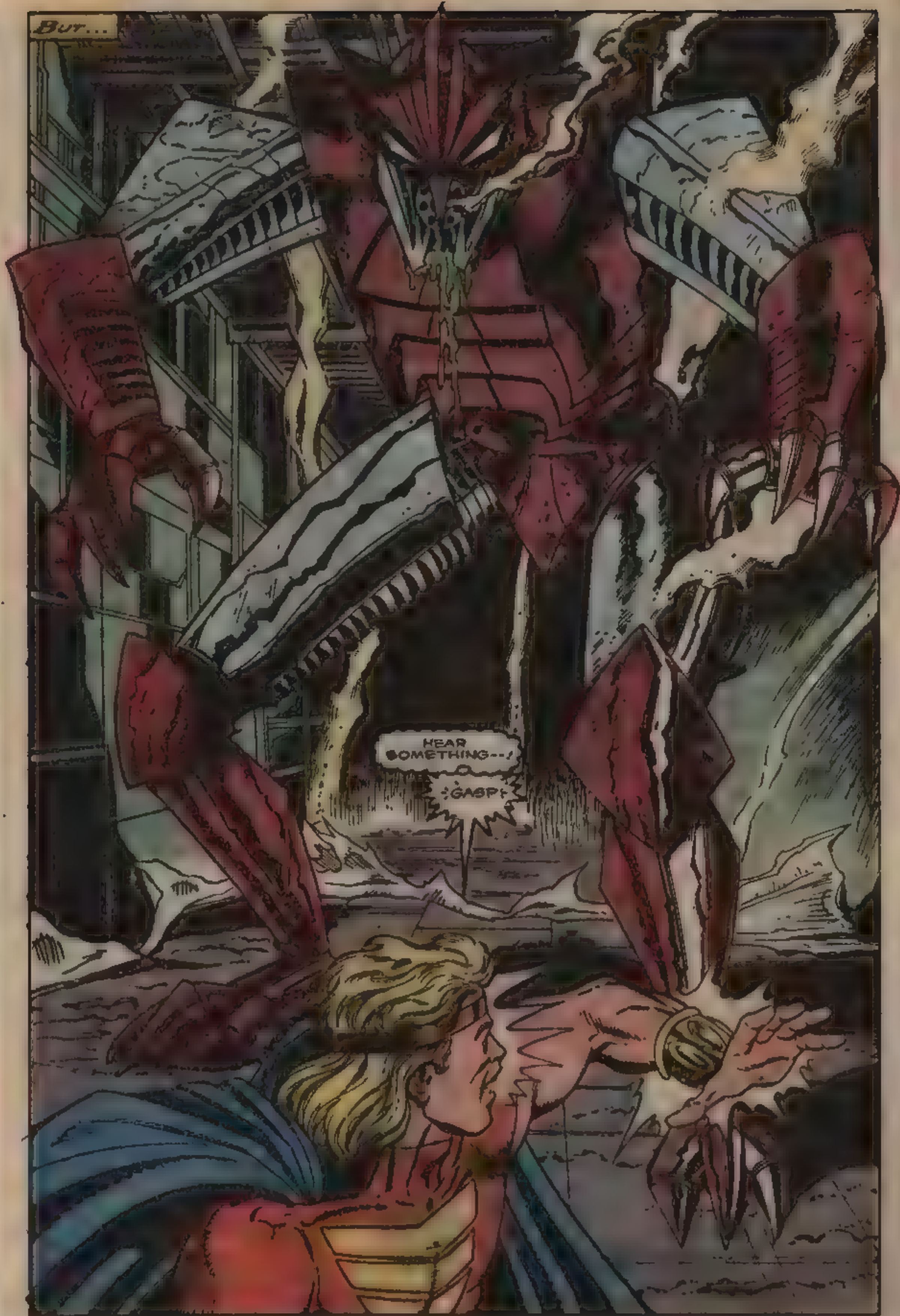
WHOA--!

A MAN--IN
A
COSTUME!

EASY,
SIR-- I'LL
HAVE YOU
FREE IN A
MINUTE!

THANK
GOD!

But...

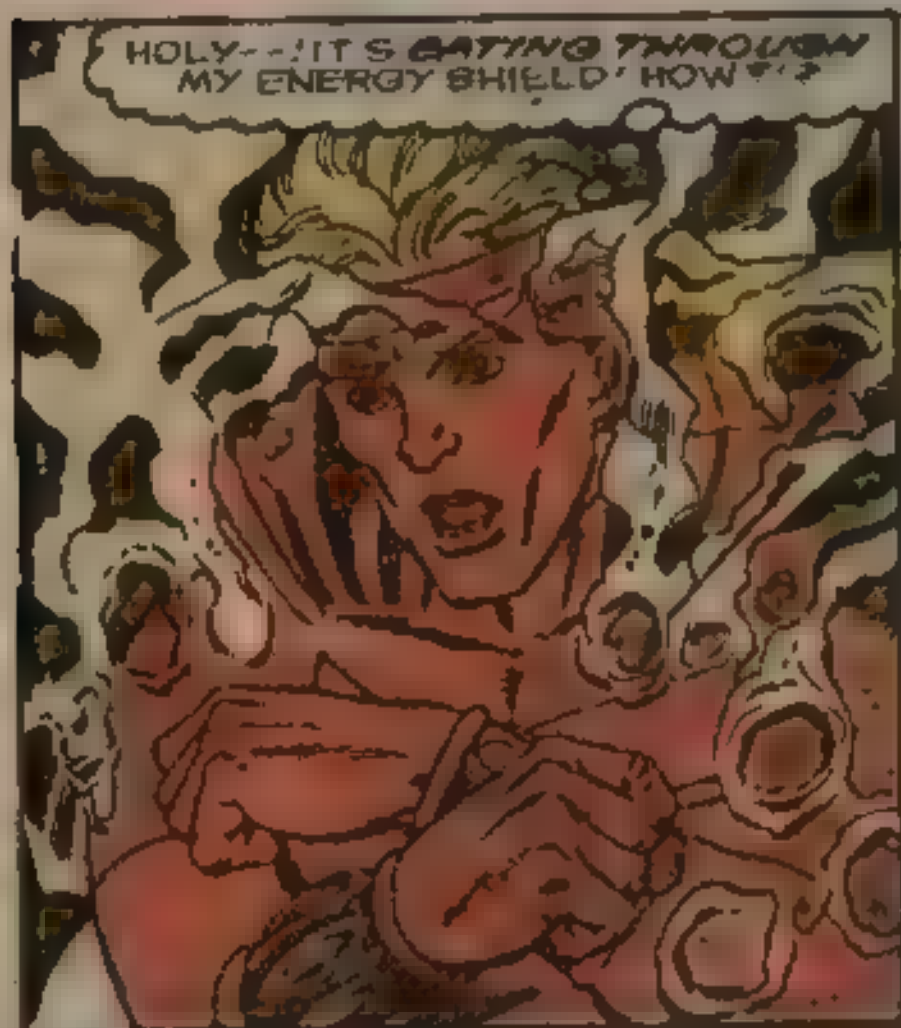


HEAR
SOMETHING--!

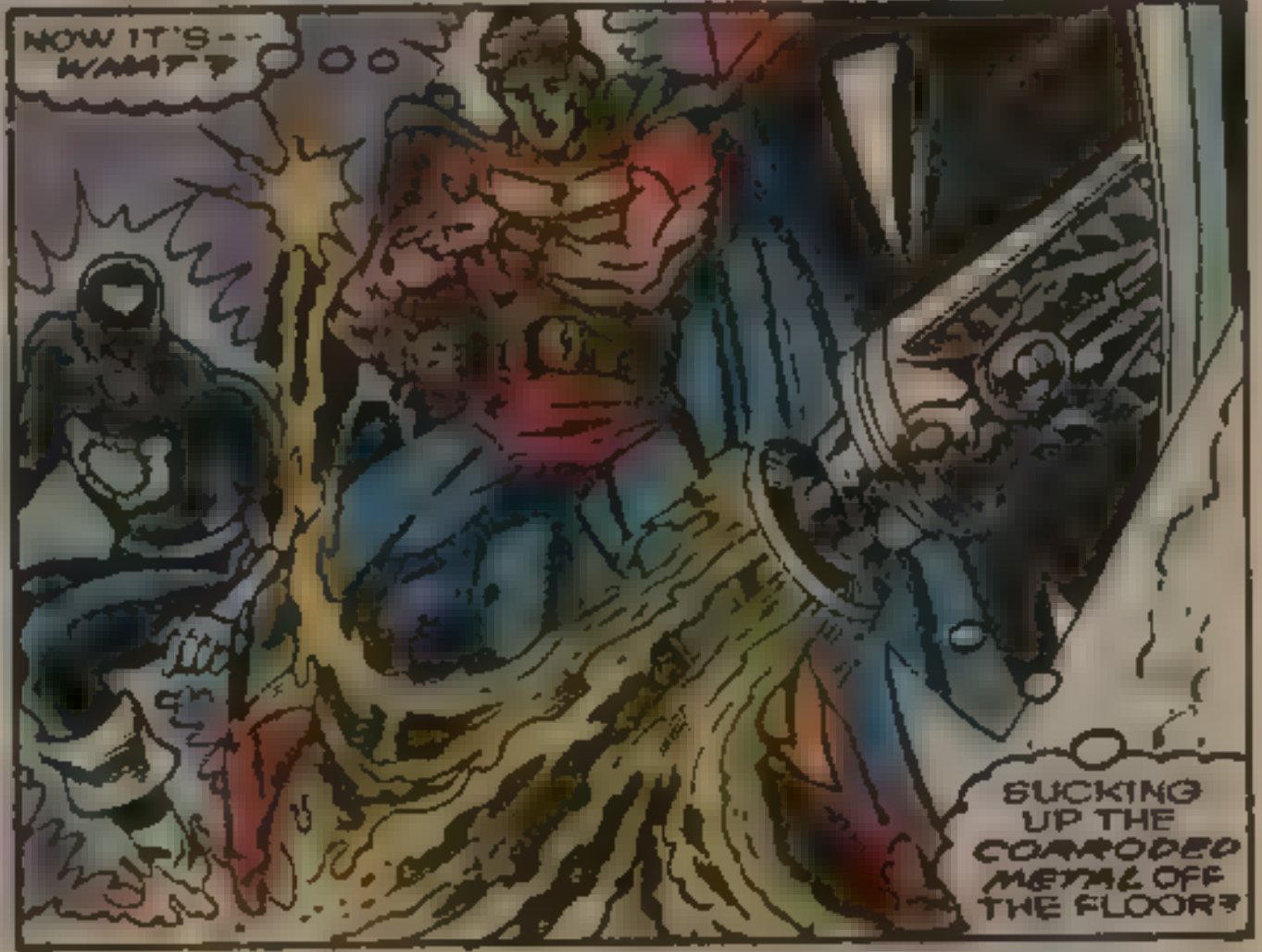
GASP



WHAT THE--? BEING
SPRAYED WITH--SOMETHING??



HOLY--! IT'S EATING THROUGH
MY ENERGY SHIELD! HOW??



NOW IT'S--
WANT??

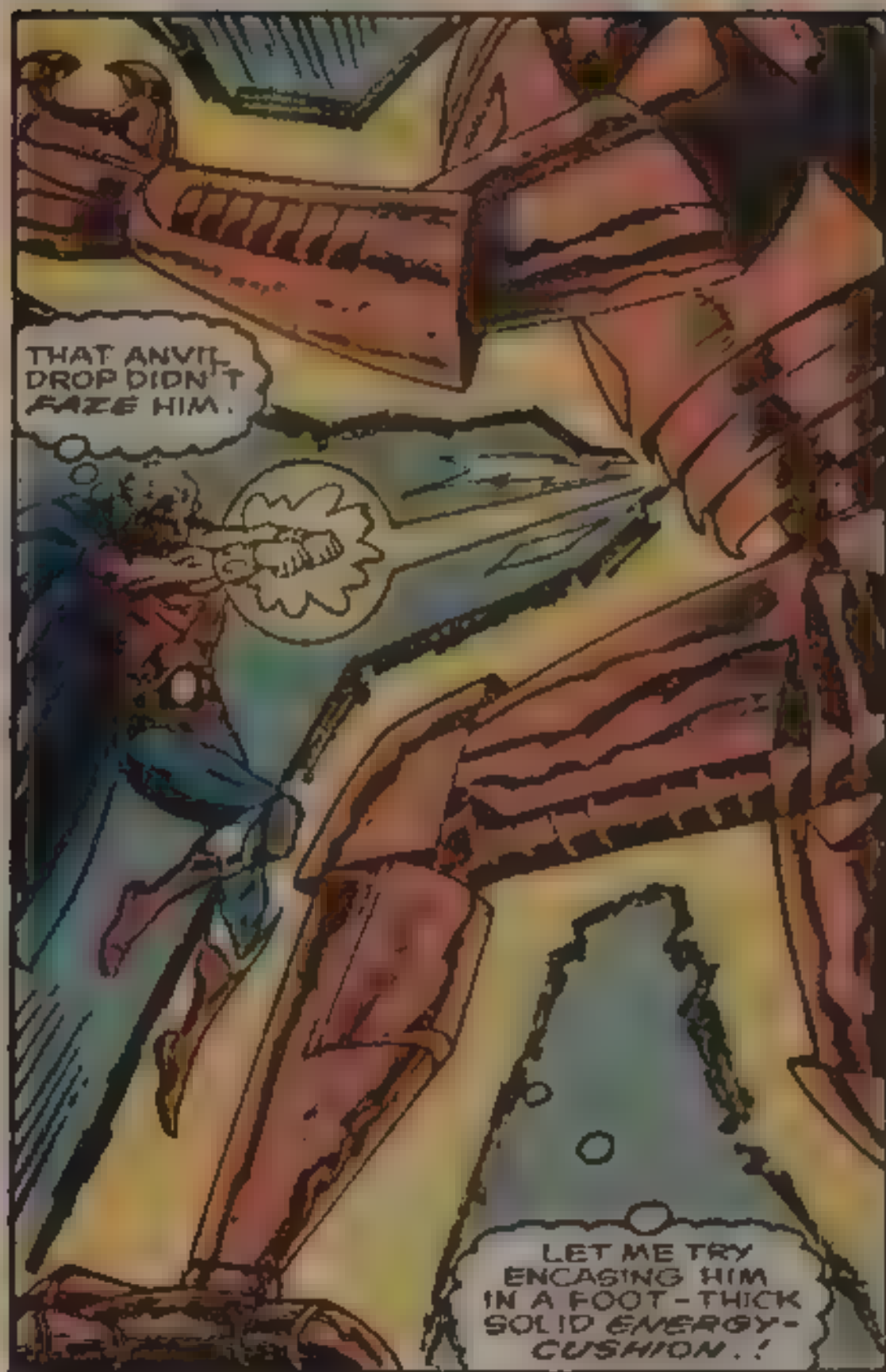
SUCKING
UP THE
CORRODED
METAL OFF
THE FLOOR?



THAT'S LIKE HOW A FLY EATS-- GLOBBING
IT'S DIGESTIVE FLUID ON SOMETHING AND
THEN LAPPING UP THE MESS!

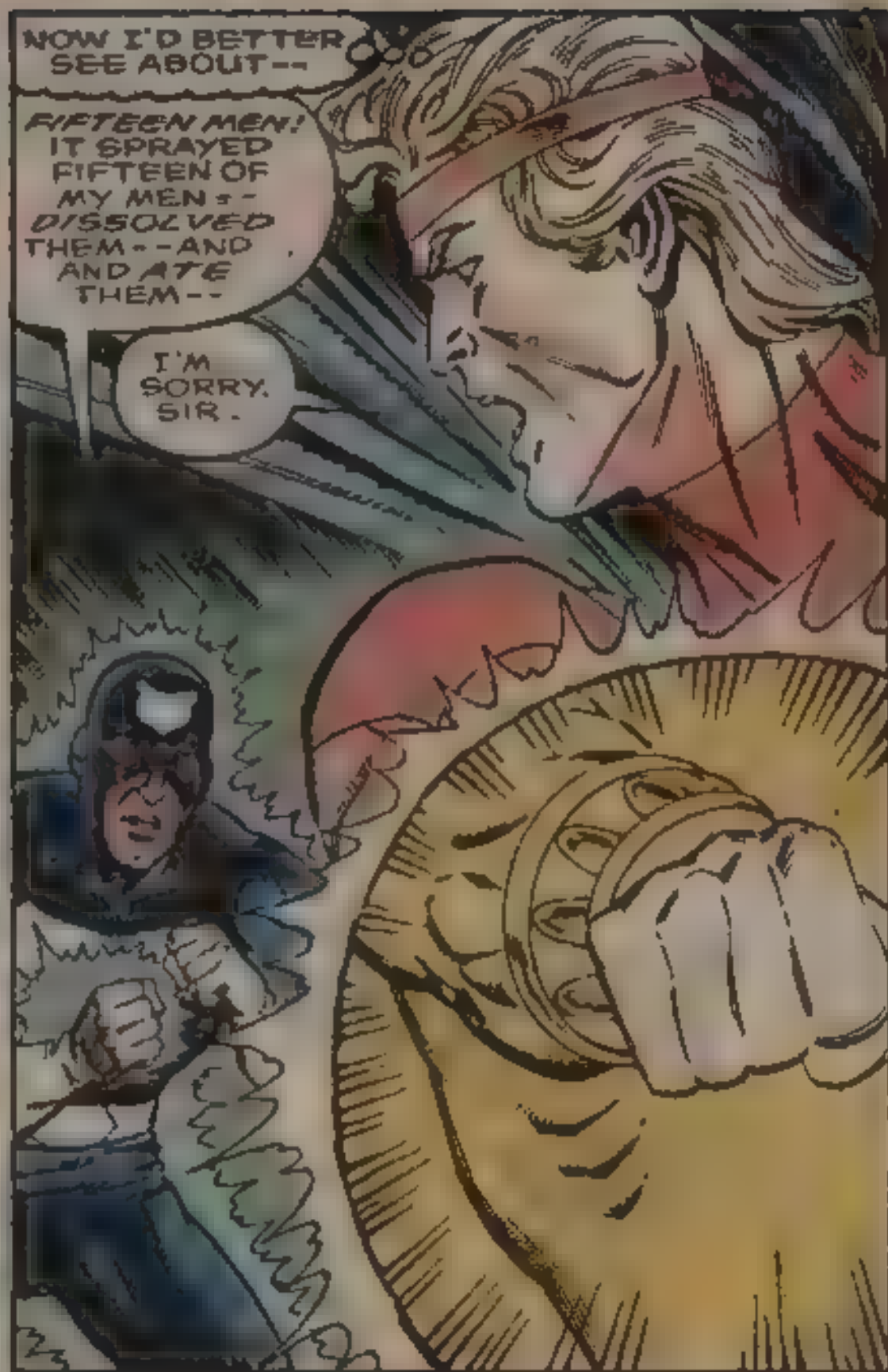
I KNOW I SHOULD
BE TOLERANT OF
PHYSICAL DIFFERENCES
AMONG ALIEN SPECIES
AND ALL, BUT THIS
THING IS THE MOST
DISGUSTING THING
I'VE EVER SEEN!

KLANG



THAT ANVIL
DROP DIDN'T
FAZE HIM.

LET ME TRY
ENCASING HIM
IN A FOOT-THICK
SOLID ENERGY-
CUSHION..!



NOW I'D BETTER
SEE ABOUT--

FIFTEEN MEN!
IT SPRAYED
FIFTEEN OF
MY MEN--
DISSOLVED
THEM--AND
AND ATE
THEM--

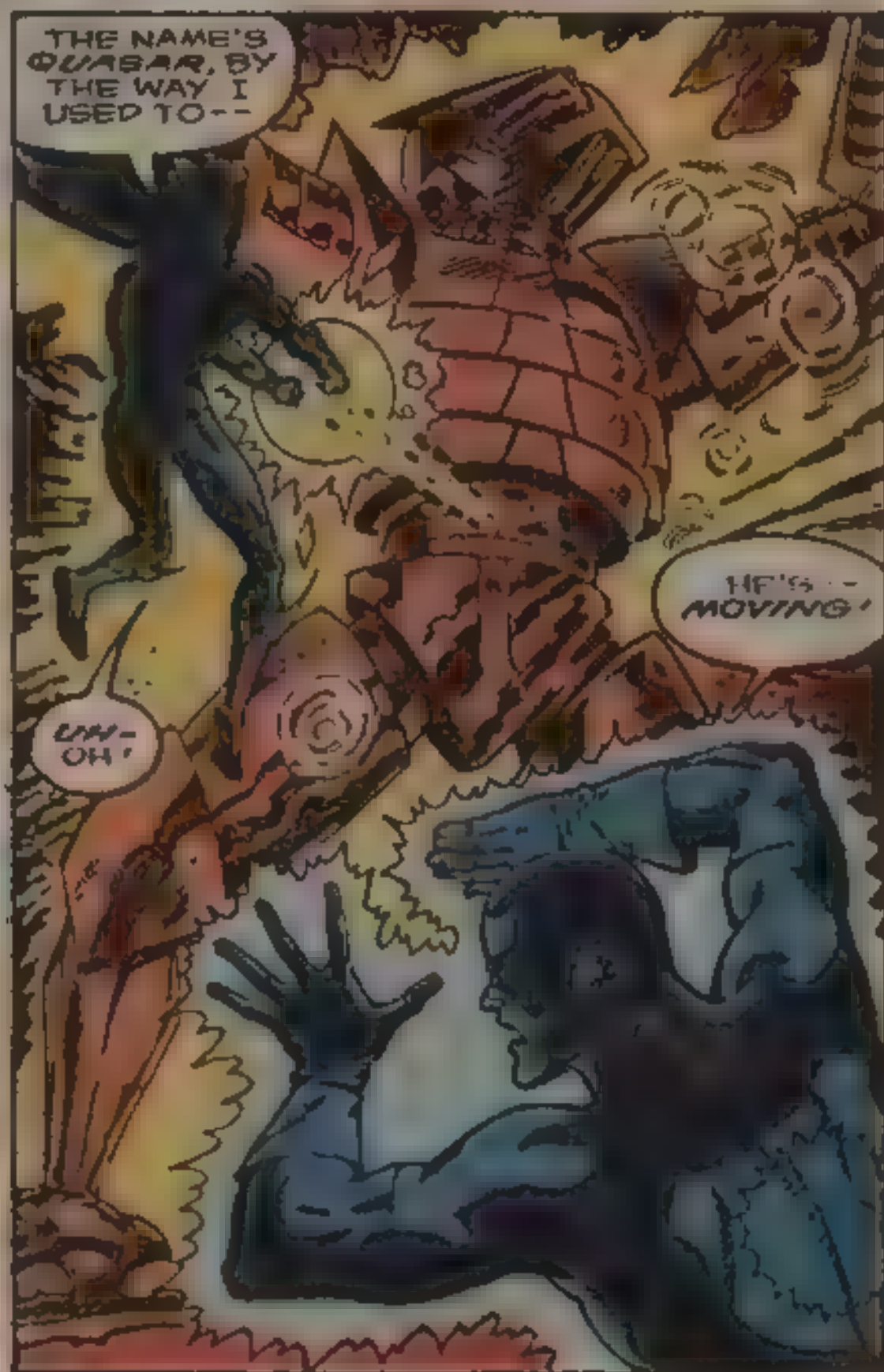
I'M
SORRY,
SIR.



HOW IS IT THAT
YOU MANAGED
TO SURVIVE?
YOUR FORCE
FIELD?

I
GUESS
COULDN'T
BURN
THROUGH
IT!

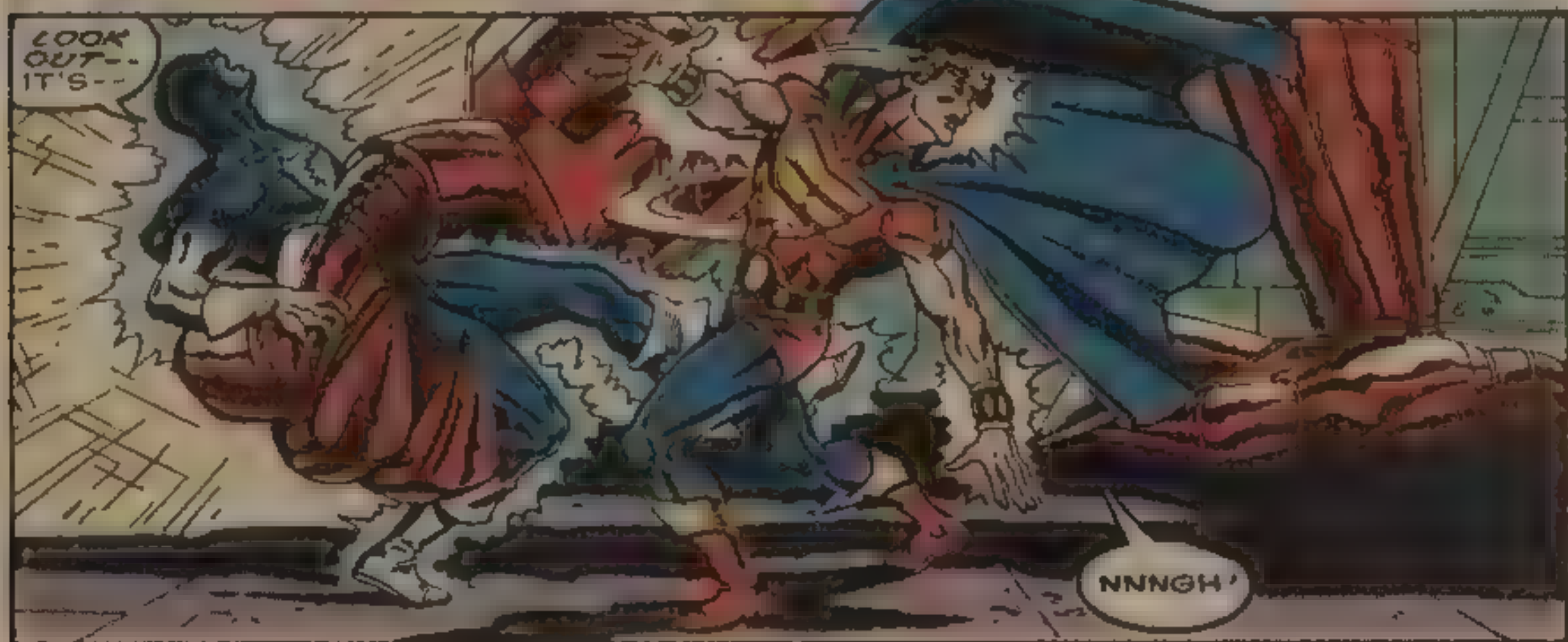
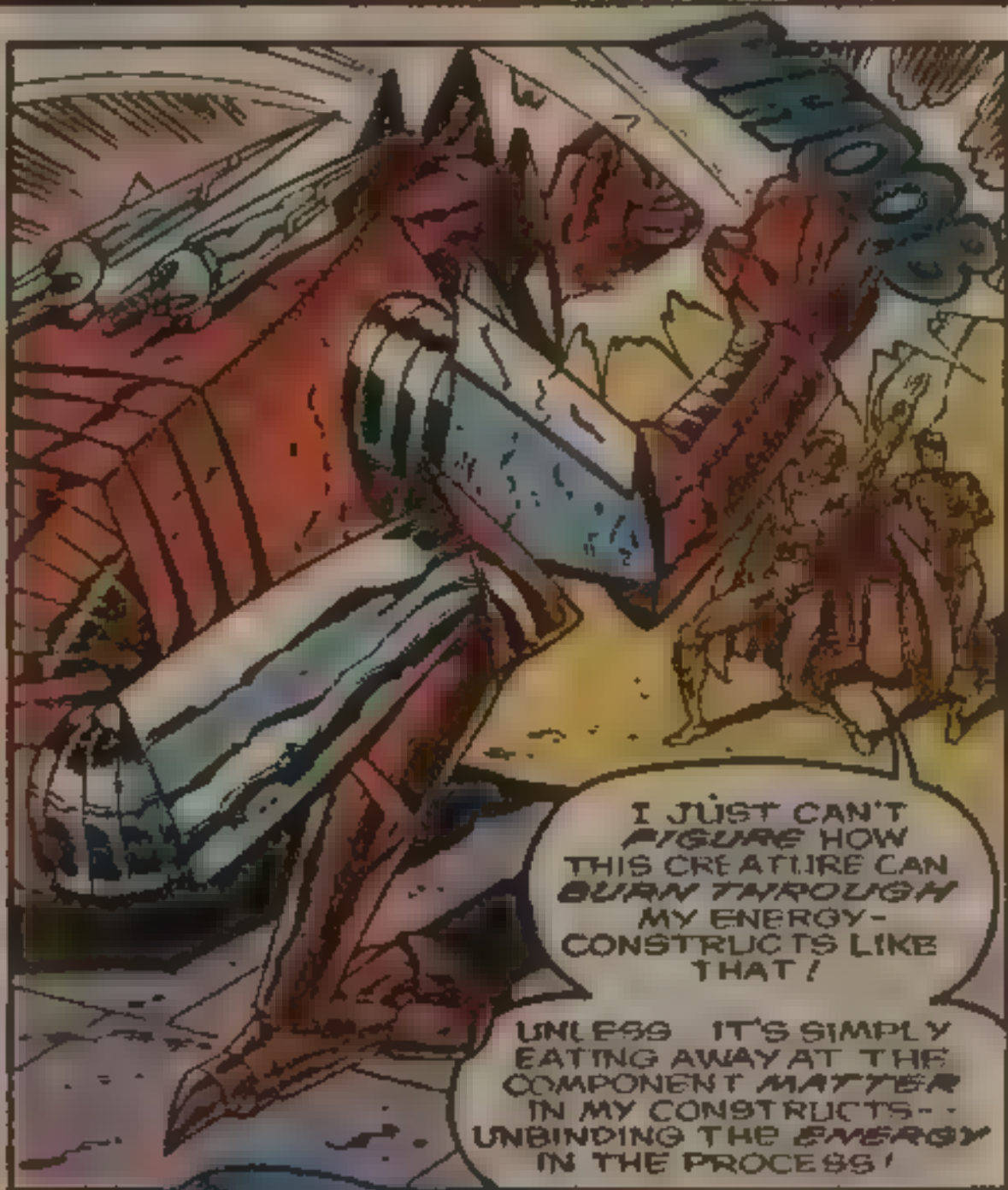
DON'T WORRY,
SIR, WE'RE
GONNA STOP THIS
THING, AVENGE
ALL YOUR MEN!
COUNT ON IT!



THE NAME'S
QUASAR, BY
THE WAY I
USED TO--

UH-
OH!

HE'S--
MOVING!



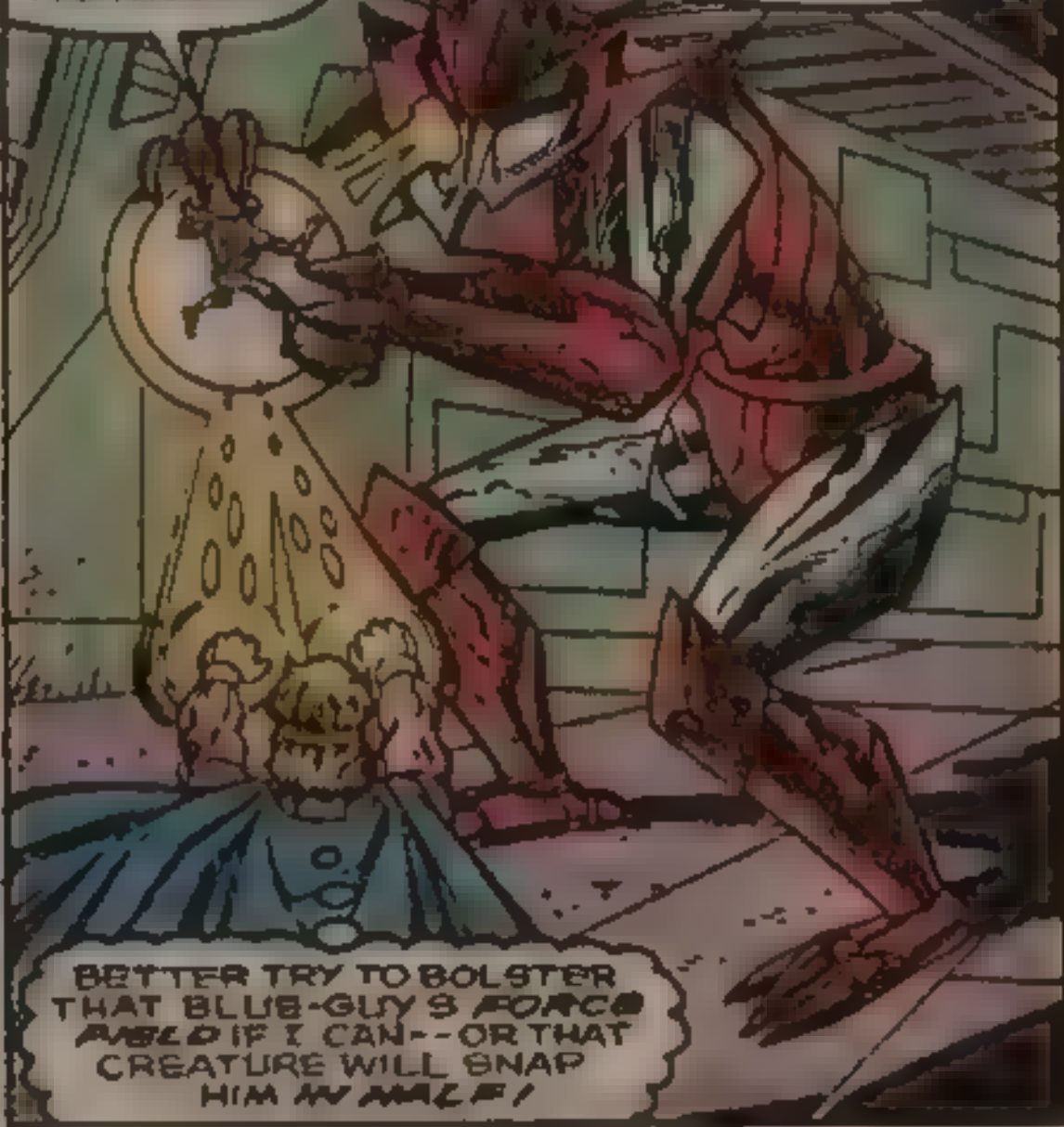
IT HAMMERED THROUGH MY SHIELD WITHOUT
USING ITS TONGUE--EVEN! WHAT'S GOING ON?
DUES ITS FORMS EXUDE SOME SORT OF
MOLECULAR ACID--?



MOELLER!
CRUSHING--
ME--!

IT'S MOVING
ME TOWARD
ITS MOUTH!

DO SOMETHING!
DO SOMETHING!



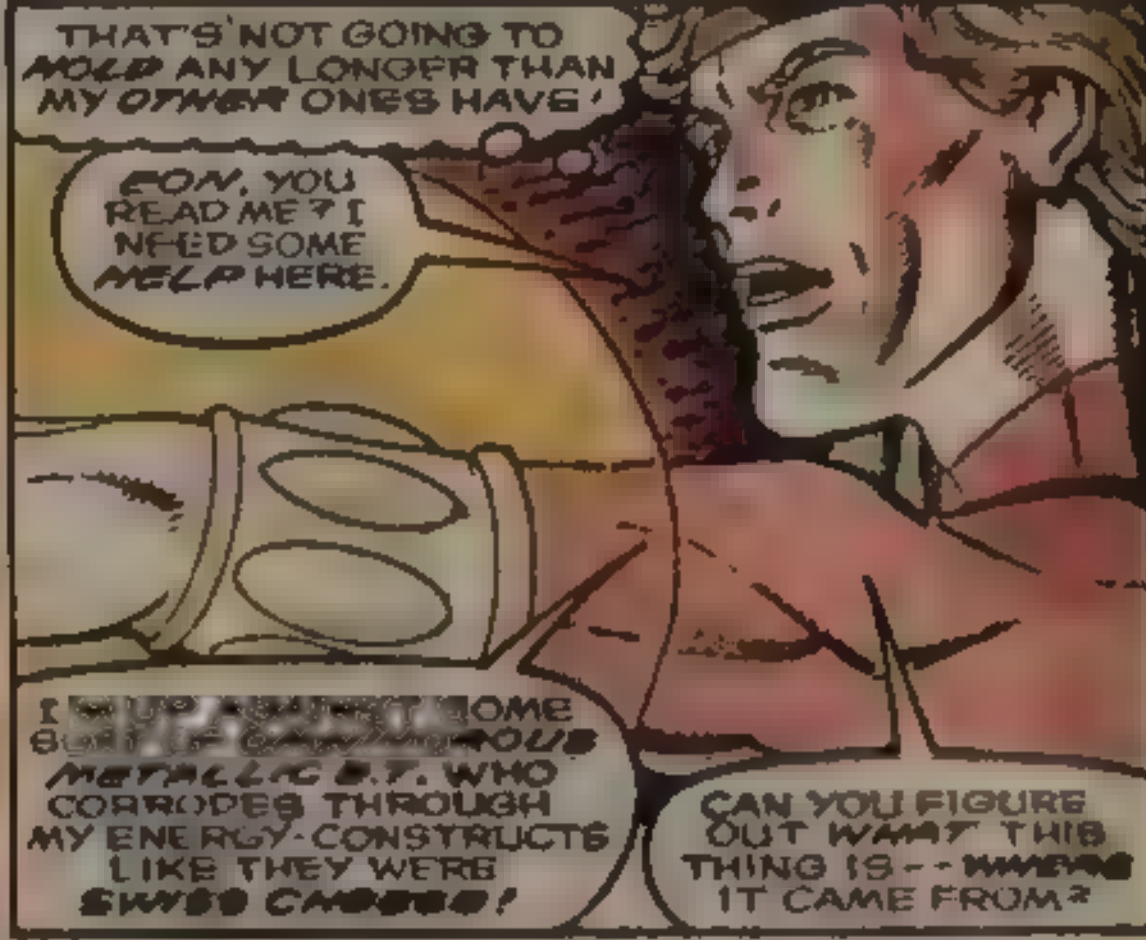
BETTER TRY TO BOLSTER
THAT BLUE-GUY'S FORCE
FIELD IF I CAN--OR THAT
CREATURE WILL SNAP
HIM IN HALF!

I AM TRYING! I'LL, UH,
CREATE A BRACE!



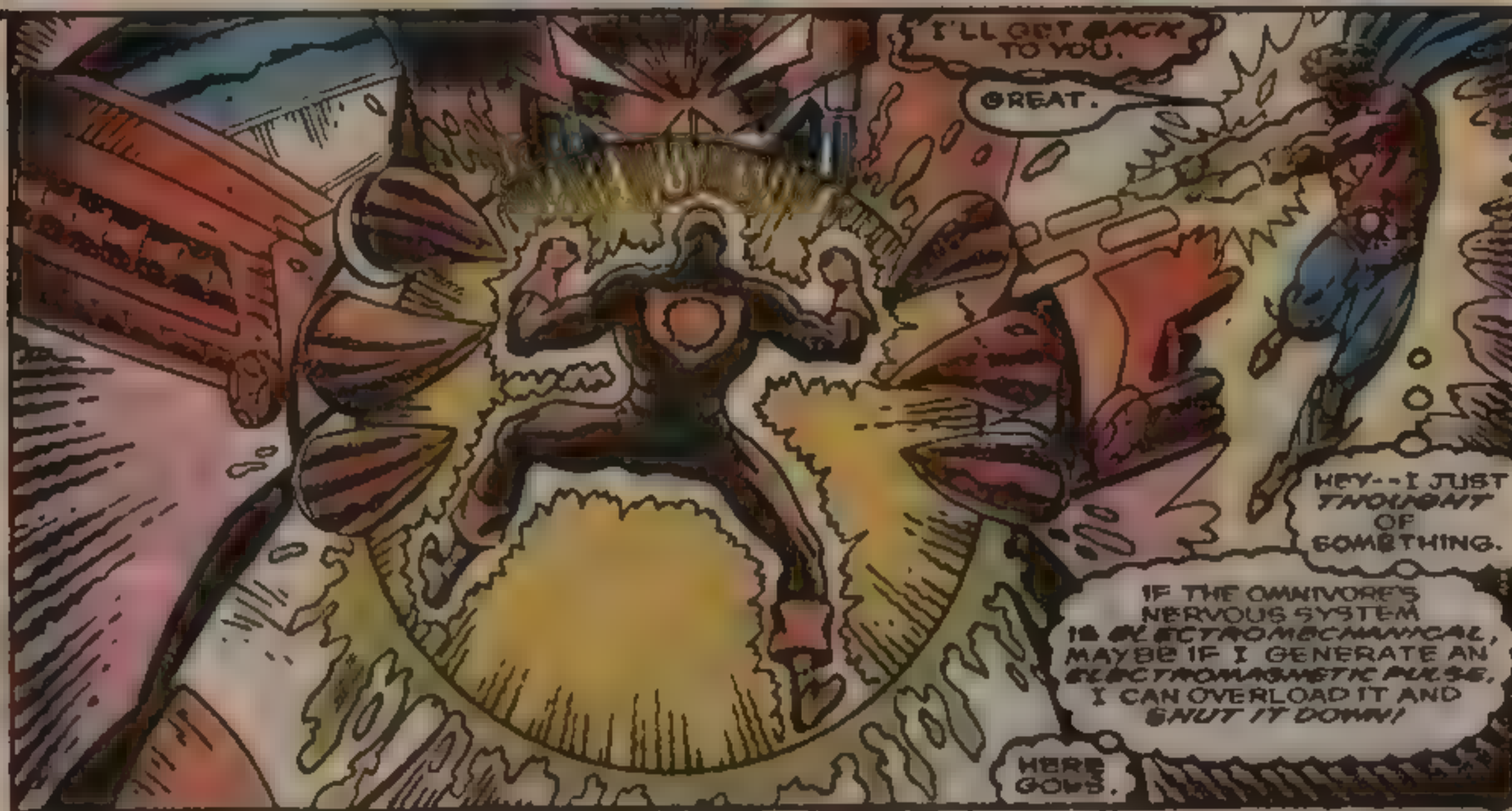
THAT'S NOT GOING TO
HOLD ANY LONGER THAN
MY OTHER ONES HAVE!

FOR, YOU
READ ME? I
NEED SOME
HELP HERE.



I'VE RESEARCHED SOME
BUT I CAN'T FIND
METALLIC E.T. WHO
CORRODES THROUGH
MY ENERGY-CONSTRUCTS
LIKE THEY WERE
SWISS CHEESE!

CAN YOU FIGURE
OUT WHAT THIS
THING IS--WHERE
IT CAME FROM?



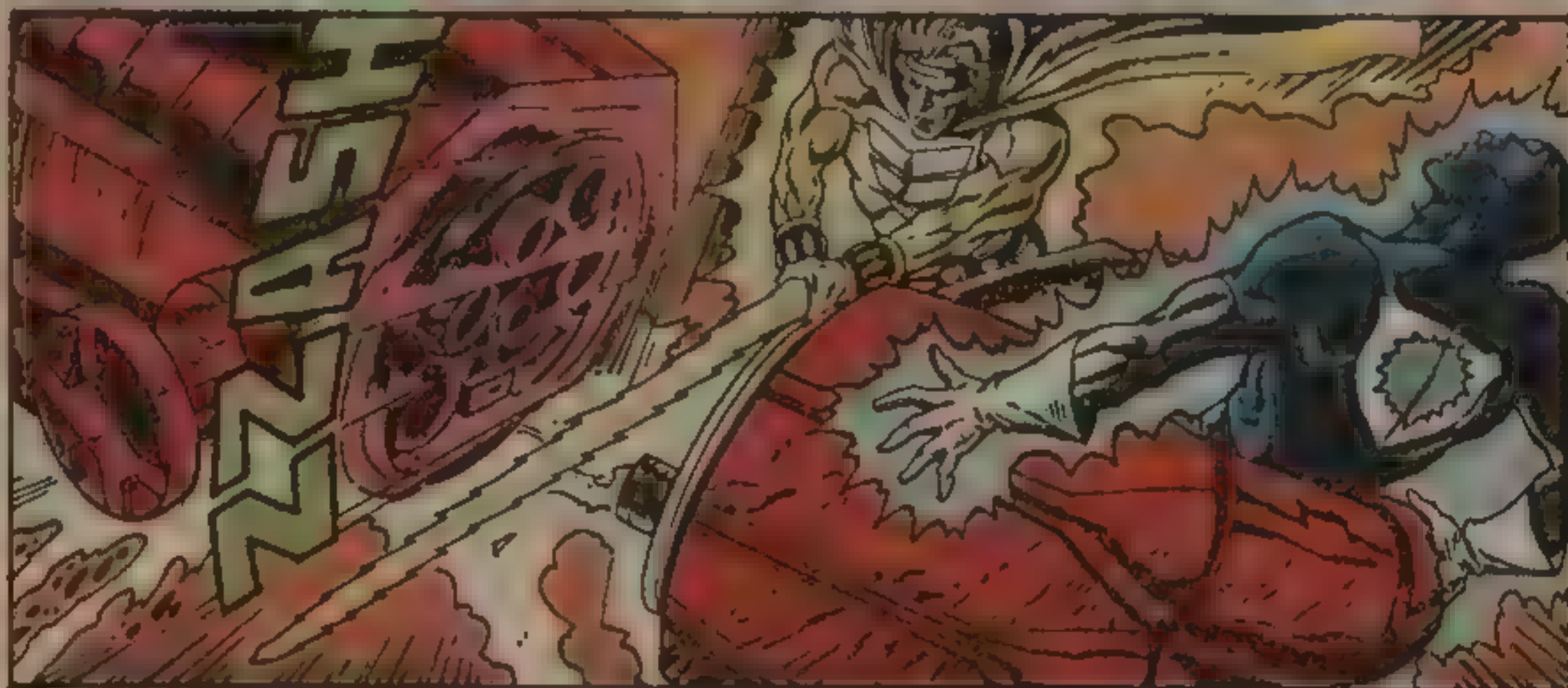
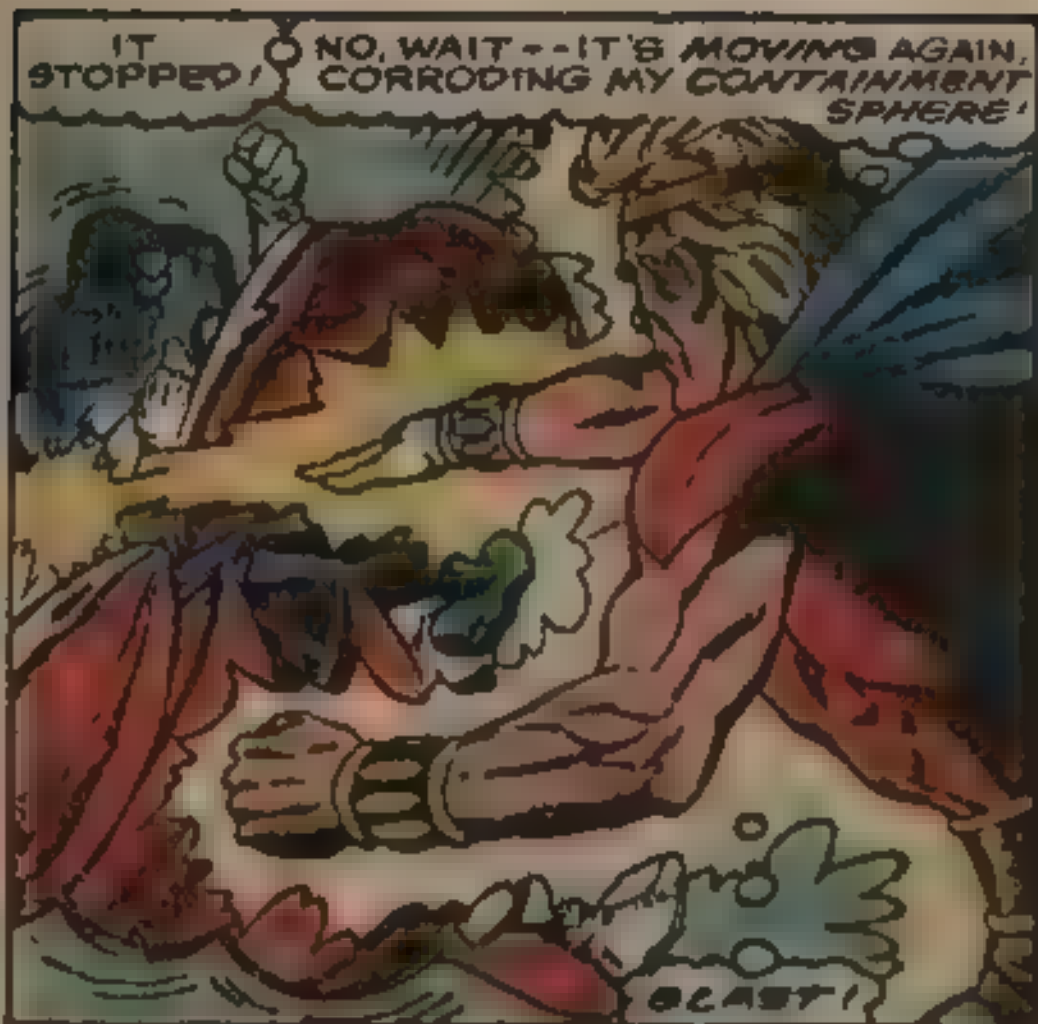
I'LL GET BACK
TO YOU.

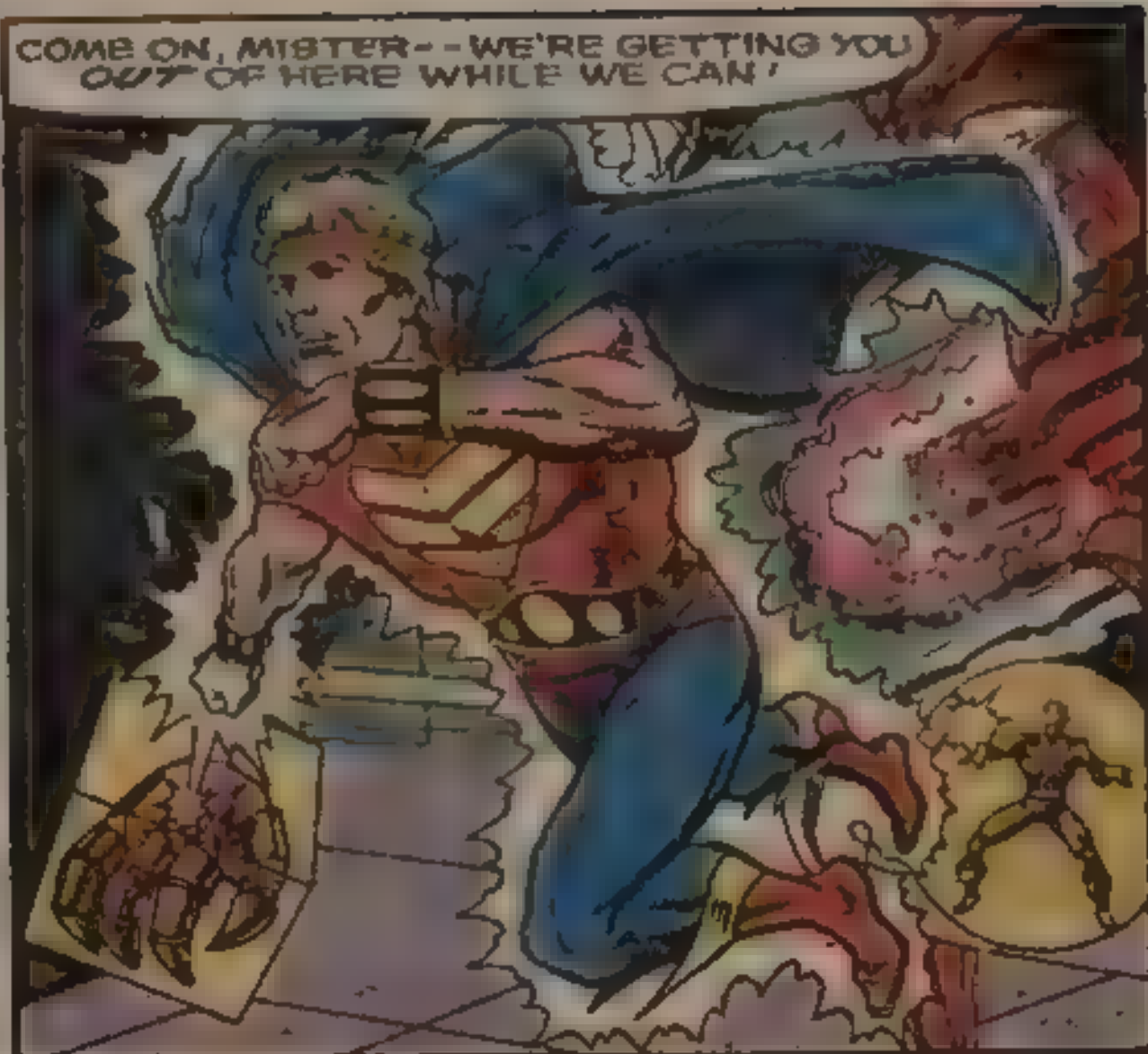
GREAT.

HEY--I JUST
THOUGHT
OF
SOMETHING.

IF THE OMNIVORE'S
NERVOUS SYSTEM
IS ELECTROMECHANICAL,
MAYBE IF I GENERATE AN
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE,
I CAN OVERLOAD IT AND
SHUT IT DOWN!

HERE
GOES.





THE ENTITY ORIGINATED ON AN ARTIFICIAL PLANET CREATED BY A RENEGADE EXTRADIMENSIONAL BEYONDER

LIBERATED BATTLEWORLD BY THE TWO DOZEN SUPERHUMAN EARTH-PEOPLE LURED TO FIGHT A SECRET WAR THERE THE PLANET CONTAINED CERTAIN ALIEN TECHNOLOGY..

SOME OF WHICH WAS USED BY SCIENTIST REED RICHARDS TO FABRICATE REPLACEMENT PARTS OF THE BODY ARMOR OF IRON MAN WHICH HAD BEEN DAMAGED IN BATTLE... *

* IN MARVEL SUPER HEROES SECRET WARS #8.

BUT UPON RETURNING TO EARTH IRON MAN DISCOVERED THAT THE REPLACEMENT PARTS WERE DIFFERENT FROM THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EARTH'S AND BATTLEWORLD MAGNETIC FIELDS.

THINKING THEM USELESS, IRON MAN DISCONNECTED THE ALIEN ACCESSORIES--

--AND LEFT THEM IN A NEW YORK IN UPTOWN NEW YORK.. *



UNKNOWN TO HIM, THE REAL REASON WHY THE ALIEN ARMOR PARTS DID NOT WORK WAS THAT THEY WERE ALIVE! HAD IRON MAN NOT DISCARDED THEM WHEN HE DID, THEY'D HAVE TAKEN OVER HIS ENTIRE ARMOR-SYSTEM!

* IRON MAN #183



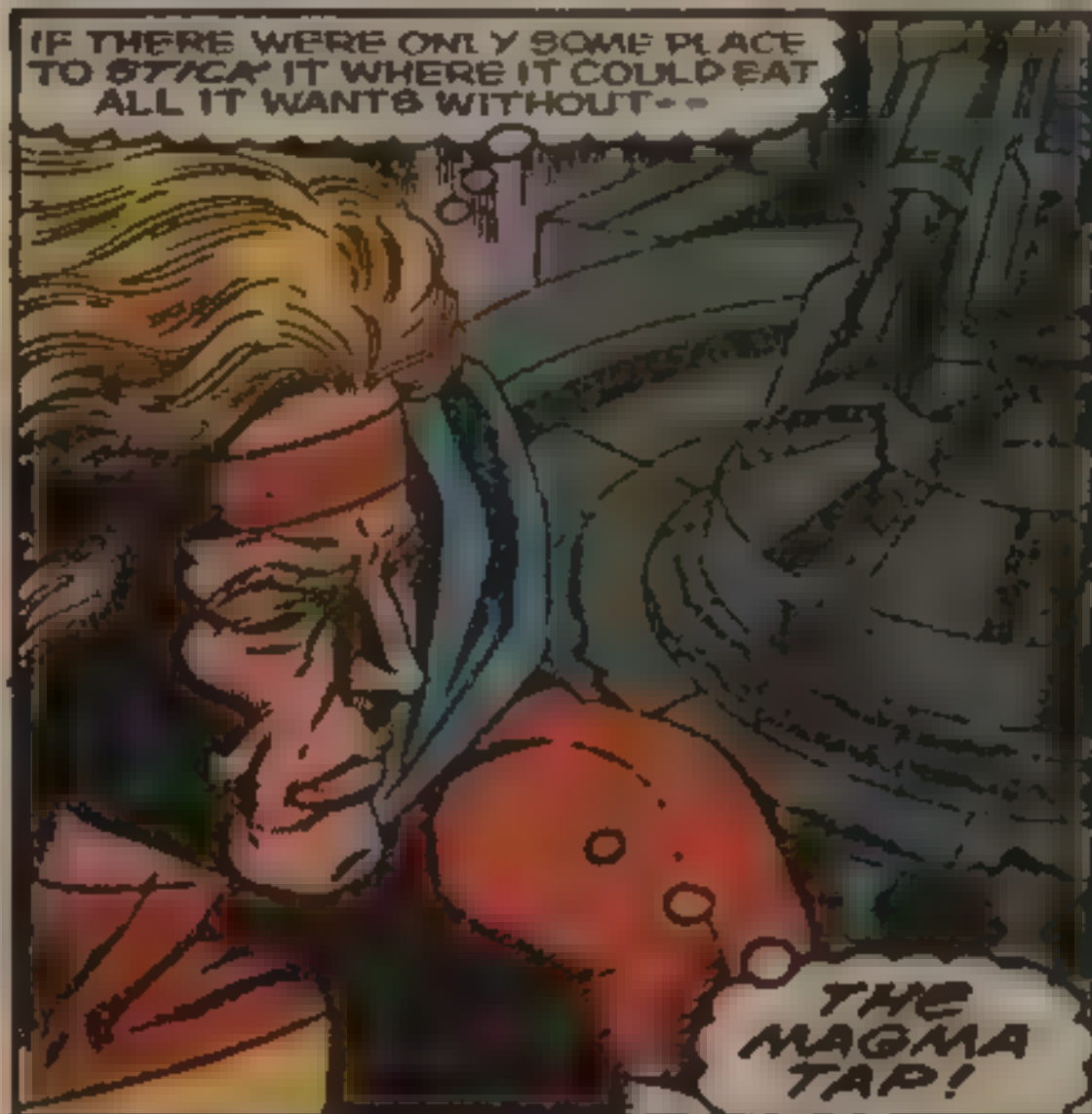
FUSING THEMSELVES INTO A SINGLE AMBULATORY ORGANISM, THE ARMORED ALIEN SOUGHT OUT FOOD AND SHELTER IT FOUND BOTH AT PROJECT: AEGASUS, A FEW MILES AWAY...

ENTERING THROUGH A VENTILATION SHAFT, IT'S BEEN EATING, GROWING, AND EVOLVING DOWN THERE EVER SINCE.

THANKS, EON.

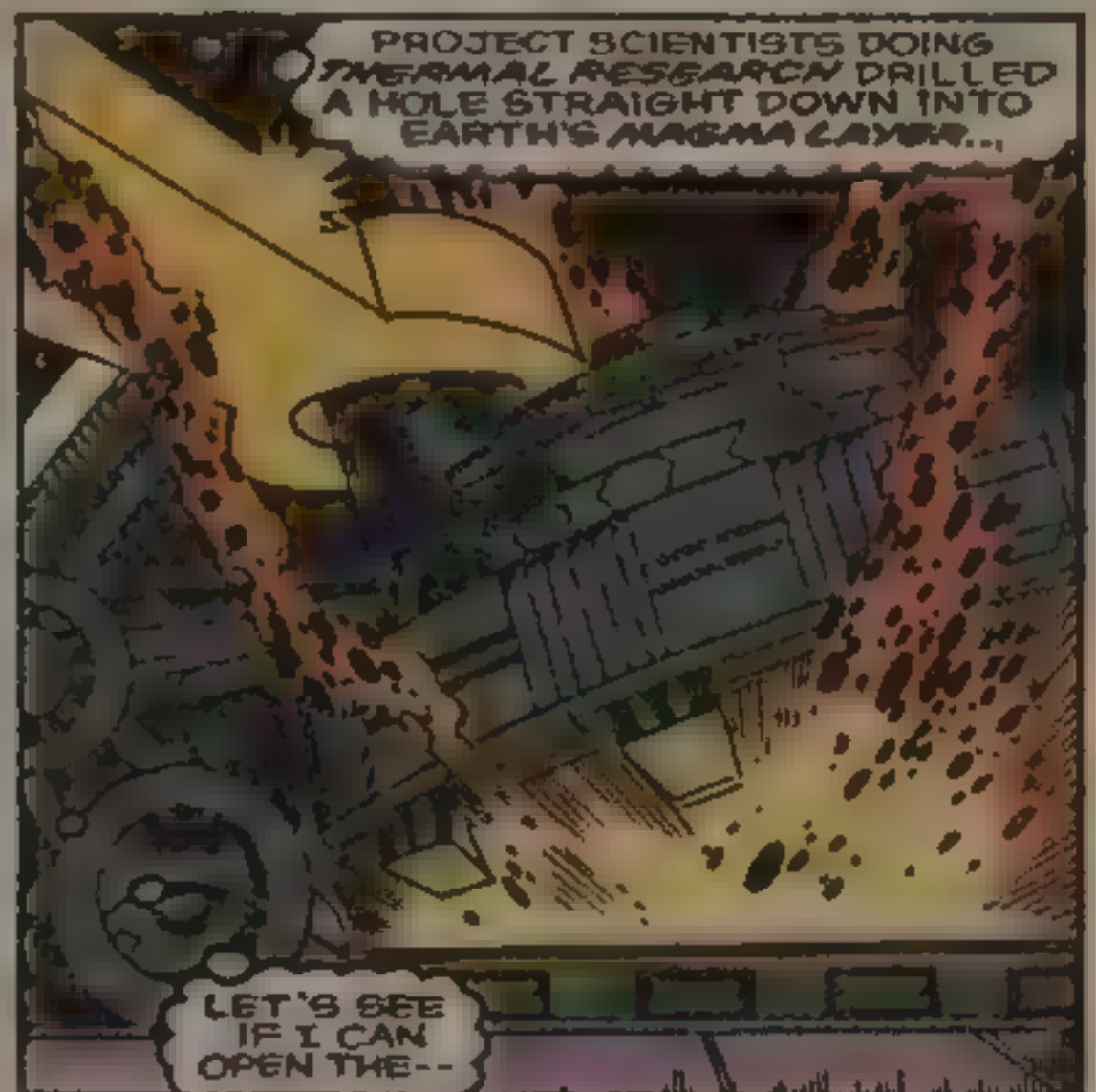
I MAY NOT HAVE ANY BETTER IDEA HOW TO FIGHT THAT THING, BUT AT LEAST NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS.

NOTHING I CAN CREATE WITH MY QUANTUM-BANDS CAN HOLD IT FOR VERY LONG. ITS MOLECULAR ACID EATS RIGHT THROUGH.



IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME PLACE TO STICK IT WHERE IT COULD EAT ALL IT WANTS WITHOUT--

THE MAGMA TAP!



PROJECT SCIENTISTS DOING THERMAL RESEARCH DRILLED A HOLE STRAIGHT DOWN INTO EARTH'S MAGMA LAYER...

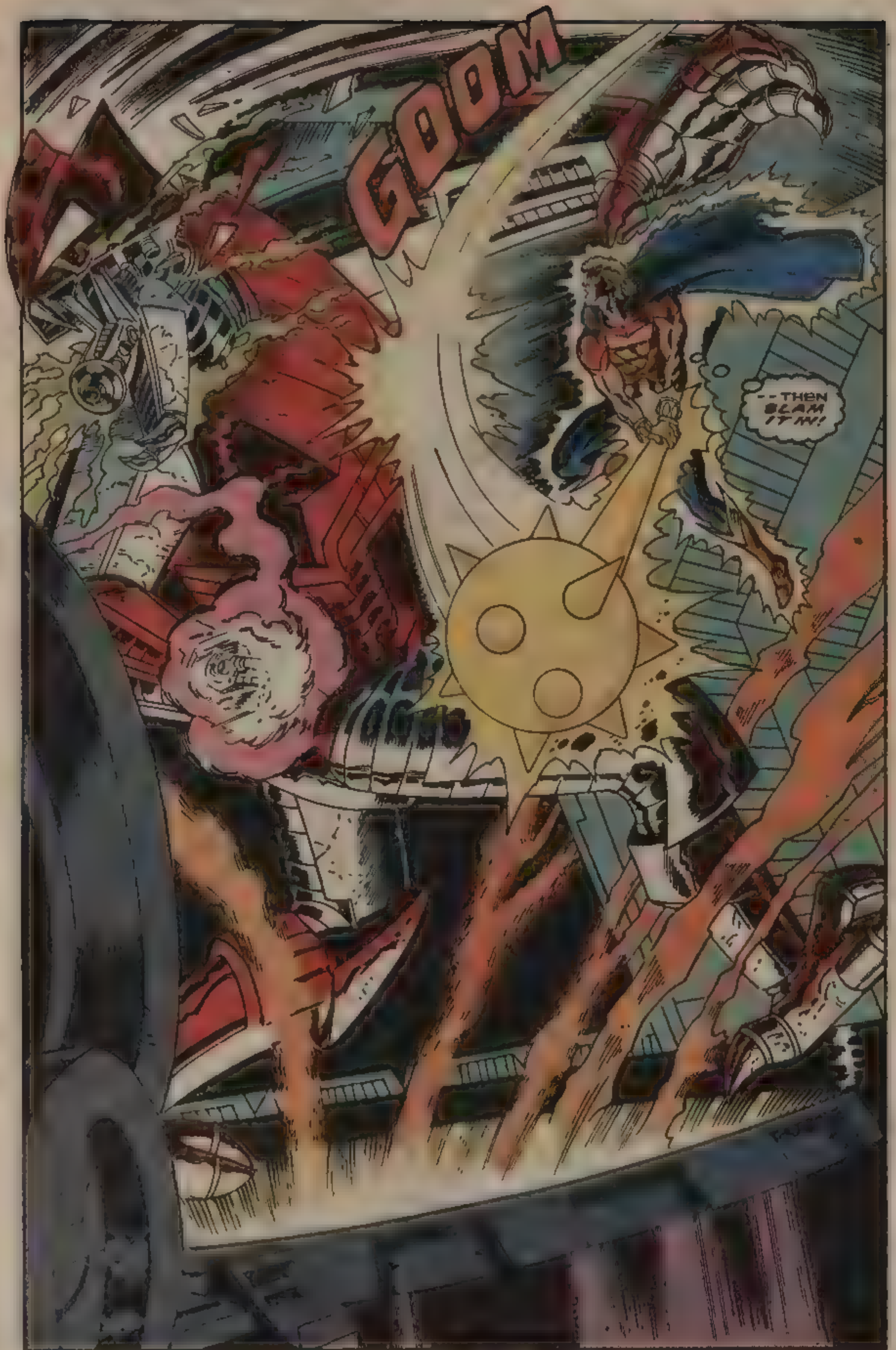
LET'S SEE IF I CAN OPEN THE--

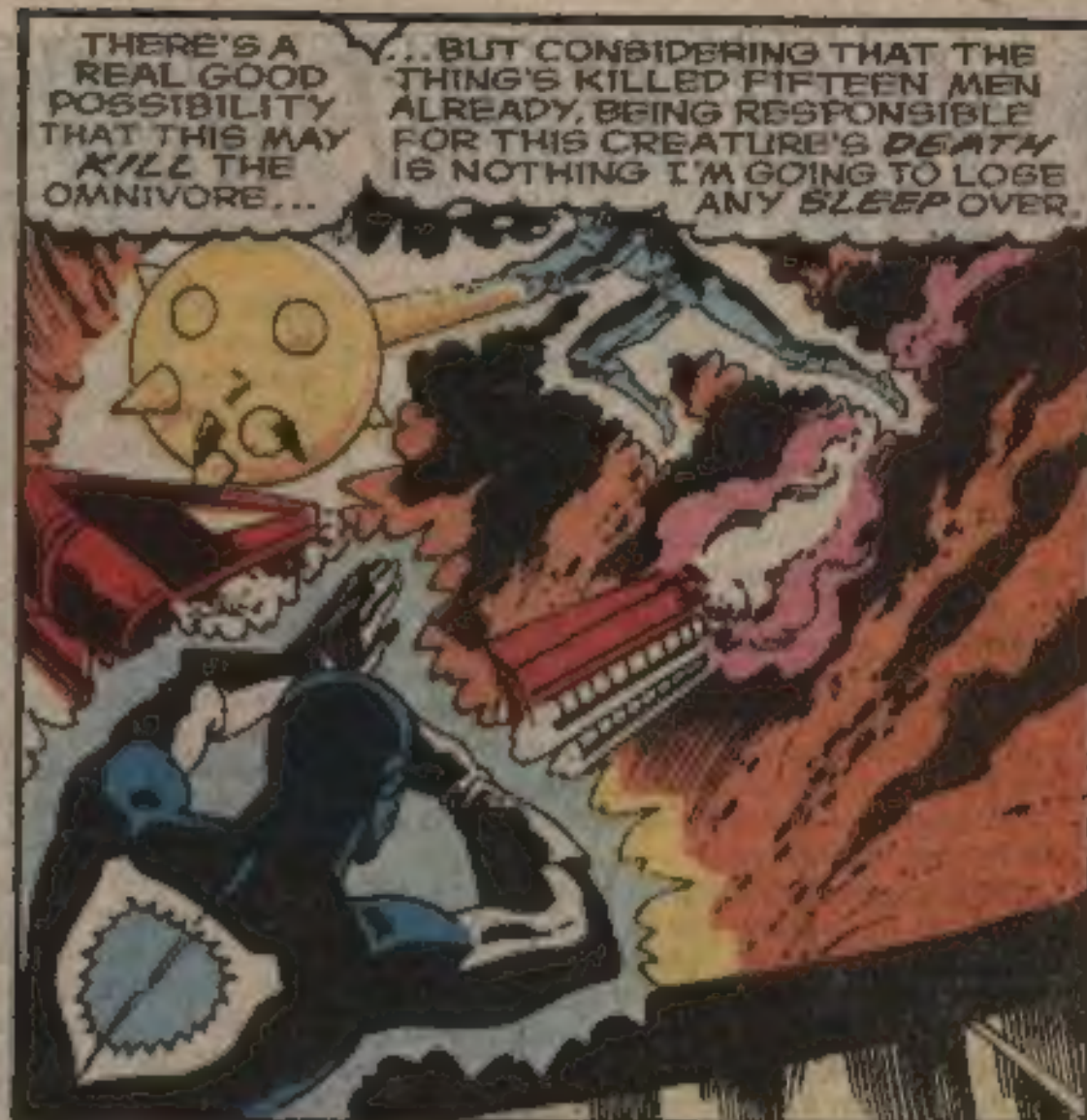


QUASAR!

OH, MAN... IT CAUGHT UP WITH US FAST!

LET ME TRY TO LURE IT WHERE I WANT IT--





NNNGUH!
IT'S NOT GOING
WITHOUT A
FIGHT!
SPEWING ITS
ACID-VOMIT
ALL OVER ME!
YUCK!

EVEN WITH
EYE-FILTERS,
IT'S SO BRIGHT
IN HERE--CANT
SEE A
THING!

HEAT...
PRESSURE...
UNBELIEVABLE!
IF IT MANAGES
TO DISSOLVE
MY PROTECTIVE
ENERGY-AURA,
I'M GONNA
FLASH-FRY IN
AN INSTANT!

GOT
TO KEEP
MOVING--
TRY TO
AVOID THE
SARAY!

COME ON,
YOU DISGUSTING
MONSTER--CUT
THAT OUT!

CAN'T GO
ANY FARTHER--
HEAT'S
PENETRATING
MY AURA--HAVE
TO--HAVE
TO TURN
BACK--!

THE
CREATURE--
GOT TO MAKE
IT LET
GO OF
ME--!

LET
GO--!



THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD DO, SIR. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH. WHEN I WAS PROJECT SECURITY CHIEF, I SCREWED UP SO BADLY IT TOOK FOUR OUTSIDERS TO COME IN AND PULL THE PROJECT'S BACON OUT OF THE FIRE.

IT'S NO BIG DISGRACE. IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT HAPPENS. DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU, MAKE YOU WANT TO Toss IN THE TOWEL.



TELL YOU WHAT. I'VE GOTTA GET GOING. YOU CAN ASSIGN CREDIT FOR THE PROJECT'S RESCUE ANY WAY YOU WANT. OKAY?

TAKE CARE NOW... UH, WHAT WAS YOUR NAME?

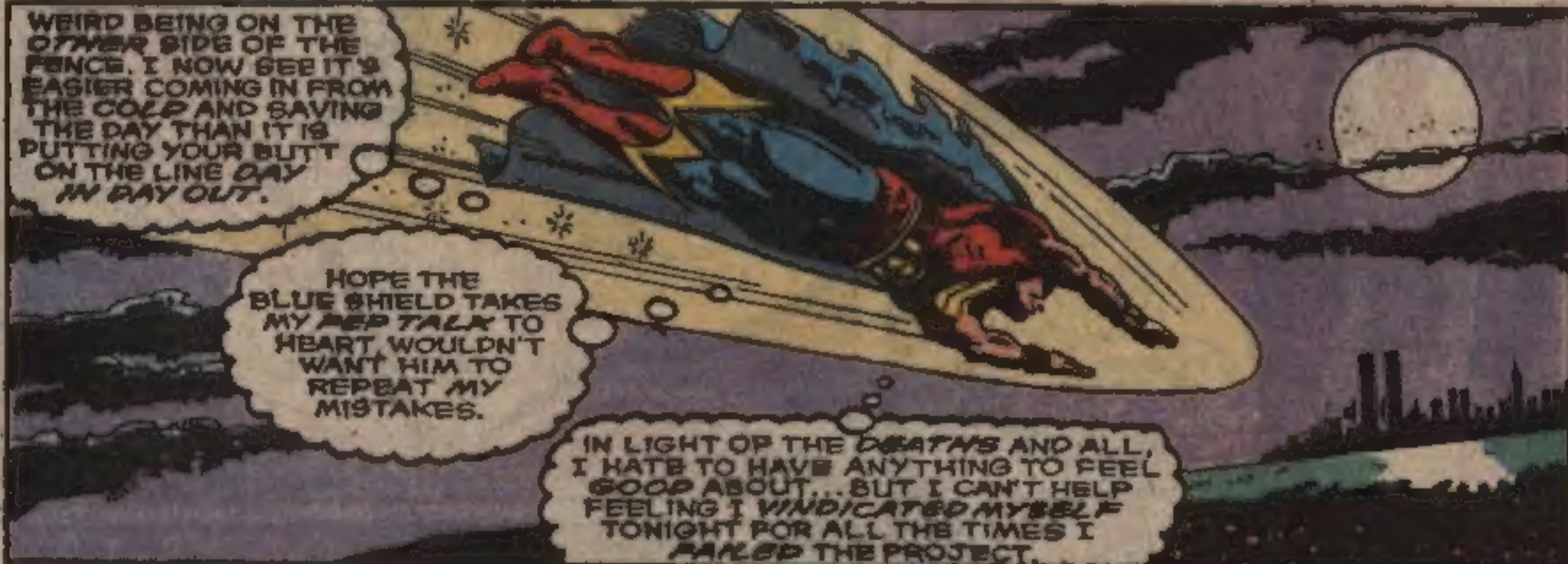
BLUE SHIELD.



WEIRD BEING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE. I NOW SEE IT'S EASIER COMING IN FROM THE COLD AND SAVING THE DAY THAN IT IS PUTTING YOUR BUTT ON THE LINE DAY IN DAY OUT.

HOPe THE BLUE SHIELD TAKES MY AD TALK TO HEART, WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO REPEAT MY MISTAKES.

IN LIGHT OF THE DEATHS AND ALL, I HATE TO HAVE ANYTHING TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT... BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING I VINDICATED MYSELF TONIGHT FOR ALL THE TIMES I FAILED THE PROJECT.



MEANWHILE...

BLUE SHIELD! THERE YOU ARE! WHAT HAPPENED?

A CREATURE WAS EATING THE PROJECT, DR. WILSON. KILLED FIFTEEN OF MY MEN. DON'T WORRY, IT'S GONE NOW. OLIVER CAME IN AND SAVED US ALL.

ME... I WAS ALL BUT USELESS.



NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M GOING TO HELP THE ENGINEERS RESTORE POWER TO THE PLACE.



MY ASSASSINATION WILL BE ON YOUR DOOR IN THE MORNING.

the end.